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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—**PHOTOGRAPHY.**—MR. HARDWICH has COMMENCED his CLASSES, and is now giving Private Instruction in the Principles and Practice of the Art of Photography. For information, apply to T. F. HARDWICH, Esq., King's College, London.
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The Funds of this time-honoured Institution are low and inadequate to the maintenance of the Hospital in a state of efficiency. To those wealthy and charitable Ladies of this Metropolis, and indeed to all those who take an interest in the welfare of their poorer sisters, the Weekly Board of Governors now appeal for aid and assistance.—Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Messrs. Moore, Fleet-street; or at the Hospital, Endell-street, Long-acre.

APIARIAN SOCIETY.—THE NEXT MEETING will take place on TUESDAY, the 21st, at Eight p.m., at the Rooms of the Entomological Society, 12, Bedford-row.
W. B. TETEMEIER, Hon. Sec.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—AN EXTRAORDINARY MEETING of the Society will take place at the Apartments of the Society, Somerset House, on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd inst., at 5 o'clock in the Evening, for the purpose of hearing Communications from Dr. Falconer, on the late Explorations of some Bone Cavities.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—The ANNUAL MEETING of the Noblemen and Gentlemen educated at Westminster will be held on WEDNESDAY, the 24th inst., at the Thatched House, St. James's-street. Dinner at 7 o'clock.
Stewards.

Earl of Ilchester, Lord Duncannon, Sir Richard F. Glynn, Bart. Colonel E. H. Gresham, C.B.
Tickets, 15s. each; to be had at the Office of the Thatched House.

ROSE SHOW.—THE SECOND GRAND NATIONAL ROSE SHOW, under distinguished patronage, will be held in the Hanover-square Rooms, on THURSDAY, the 25th inst., from 1 o'clock to 4.50. Tickets may also be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street. The Schedule of Prizes may be had on application to the Rev. St. REYNOLDS HALL, Hon. Sec., Causton Manor, Newark, Nottingham.

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By order of the Committee,
ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—THE SEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER of the CORPORATION will take place in Freemasons' Hall on WEDNESDAY NEXT, the 23rd of June.
The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., in the Chair.

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HANDEL FESTIVAL.—20th, 22nd, and 24th of JUNE.—RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.—The ordinary trains from London-bridge and from Fimlico to the Crystal Palace, from 10 A.M. till 7 P.M., will be suspended. The Trains to and from intermediate stations will run as usual. Special Trains will run from London-bridge and from Fimlico to the Palace from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. Fare, for admission to the Train, 1s.; return tickets, 1s. 6d. A large amount of first-class accommodation will be provided, but no particular class of carriage can be guaranteed. These tickets can be obtained previously at either of the above termini, or at the Company's Office, 43, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, W.

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Recollections. By Samuel Rogers. (Longman & Co.)

PICQUANT are the Pleasures of Memory when he who sits down with his lonely thoughts has been a banker no less than a poet—with a window hanging over the Park, rooms bursting with the treasures of Italian Art, a table bright with the glances of beauty and merry with the memorable wit and frolic of the great. For him, surely, if for any one, the street is paved with gold and rubies, and the sky rosy with that poetic light which never yet was seen by common eye on sea or shore. Fancy the journey of life turning away from the vale of tears, and skirting only the sunny paths from Pactolus to Parnassus, from Parnassus to Pactolus! Such a poet is to be envied—such a banker to be known. His daily companionship will be with the renowned, his conversation with men whose words are caught up eagerly even in far-off echoes. When the banker-bard is accomplished in the fine social art of giving and taking—courteous to hear as well as brilliant to reply—a life passed in the great world must have yielded much. Every one will feel that ‘*Recollections*’ of the sayings and doings of men so famous as Charles James Fox, Edmund Burke, Henry Grattan, Richard Porson, John Horne Tooke, Prince Talleyrand, Lord Erskine, Walter Scott, Lord Grenville, and the Duke of Wellington, noted by one so keen of sight and sharp of pen as Samuel Rogers, must make an amazingly clever and piquant book. These men pushed foremost in the hustling crowd. Their lives make history. Their mere talk is history. As wits and orators, fighting their way through the world with voice and tongue, or as warriors, crashing a space in front of them with cannon shot and charges of dragoons, they belong, with their vices, their sorrows, and their glories, to the band which mankind will never willingly allow to die. They are ours, and we shall not soon tire of them. Most of all we delight to catch them in undress, the cravat thrown aside, the pen out of hand, the pass-word out of mind. We want to hear of Fox’s airy jest and social sport; his “Gibbon is a great coxcomb, Sir”; “After all, Sir, Burke was a damned wrong-headed fellow through life”; as well as of the eloquence, that rolled upon our grandfathers “like a wave of the Atlantic three thousand miles long.” We are pleased to find Porson at our elbow, cracking his jokes and laughing out his abundant wisdom, as he gulps his port. Then, how charming to meet Burke in the fields before breakfast, spud in hand, grubbing at the nettles, chopping away at the clods, as though they were so many Sans Culottes, while chewing at those mighty sentences which emptied the house and yet swayed his contemporaries. We shake hands with Grattan, and hear the slippery silver of his brogue, wreathing itself through innumerable quips and quorks. We long to test Talleyrand’s studied impromptu, and enjoy Horne Tooke’s gentlemanly comicalities. Chief of all, we gather close to the table when the Great Duke is speaking in his own sharp tones of the Great Emperor—of his genius and his blunders, his statesmanship and his wars,—of the fierce and picturesque contest in Spain,—of the crowning carnage at Waterloo,—or, when the hero of a hundred fights—every fight a victory—is laughing with that strange, hoarse crow of his at some passing fun, as though he were not the man of bronze which we see, and which he could see, imaged on arch and pedestal within ken of every window

of his house, but a big, romping Eton boy, not yet grown gentlemanly and a prig.

Samuel Rogers has provided for us in these notes a very singular pleasure. The great people of the past come before us in the flesh—made visible by a touch, a spell. He calls up the dead by a magic like that of the eye and voice of an actual narrator—for his record is of conversations, and has all the scatter and fire, and informal, vivid portraiture of real talk, where a trait, an anecdote, an interruption of voice yields a character more distinct and impressive than a more elaborate historical presentation,—just as a ray of sun often catches the truth of a face with a brilliancy beyond the studied skill of the Royal Academician.

We must not keep the reader at the door while the feast is being served within. In a month like this, bright with the rage of battle, we turn with eager hand to the chapters labelled “Duke of Wellington,” catching as we do on every page the name of Bonaparte, and noting that the words are those of the Duke himself. From these the reader will thank us to serve him without stint. We first of all pick out the Duke’s opinion of the mighty antagonist whom he met only once—and then so crushed that he had no need to meet him a second time. Wellington himself is speaking of Napoleon:—

“Bonaparte, in my opinion, committed one of his greatest errors when he meddled with Spain; for the animosity of the people was unconquerable, and it was almost impossible to get us out of that Corner. I have often said it would be his ruin; though I might not live to see it. A conqueror, like a cannon-ball, must go on. If he rebounds, his career is over. [Bonaparte was certainly as clever a man as ever lived, but he appears to me to have wanted sense on many occasions.] At one time I expected him there [in Spain] in person, and him by himself I should have regarded at least as an accession of 40,000 men.”

Then, again, at Waterloo. Those who sneer at the bands of young men now singing ‘Riflemen, form!’ should note and digest the few words we have ventured to mark in italics:—

“When Buonaparte left Elba for France, I was at Vienna, and received the news from Lord Burghersh, our Minister at Florence. The instant it came I communicated it to every member of the Congress, and all laughed; the Emperor of Russia most of all. ‘What was in your letter to his Majesty this morning,’ said his Physician; ‘for when he broke the seal, he clapped his hands and burst out a laughing!’ Various were the conjectures as to whether he was gone; but none would hear of France. All were sure that in France he would be massacred by the people, when he appeared there. I remember Talleyrand’s words so well: ‘Pour la France—Non!’ Buonaparte I never saw; though during the battle [Waterloo] we were once, I understood, within a quarter of a mile of each other. I regret it much; for he was a most extraordinary man. To me he seems to have been at his acmé at the Peace of Tilsit, and gradually to have declined afterwards. * * At Waterloo he had the finest army he ever commanded; and everything up to the onset must have turned out as he wished. Indeed he could not have expected to beat the Prussians, as he did at Ligny, in four hours. But two such armies as those at Waterloo have seldom met, if I may judge from what they did on that day. It was a battle of giants! a battle of giants! Many of my troops were new; but the new fight well, though they manoeuvre ill; better perhaps than many who have fought and bled. As to the way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants braved danger—the boys just come from school—it exceeds all belief. They ran as at Cricket.”

Here is an anecdote of Waterloo told by the Duke:—

“De Lancy was with me and speaking to me when he was struck. We were on a point of land that overlooked the plain, and I had just been

warned off by some soldiers; (but as I saw well from it, and as two divisions were engaging below, I had said ‘Never mind,’) when a ball came leaping along *en ricochet*, as it is called, and striking him on the back, sent him many yards over the head of his horse. He fell on his face, and bounded upward and fell again. All the Staff dismounted, and ran to him; and when I came up he said, ‘Pray tell them to leave me, and let me die in peace.’ I had him conveyed into the rear; and two days afterwards when, on my return from Brussels, I saw him in a barn, he spoke with such strength that I said (for I had reported him among the killed), ‘Why, De Lancy, you will have the advantage of Sir Condy in Castle Rackrent; you will know what your friends said of you after you were dead.’—‘I hope I shall,’ he replied. Poor fellow! We had known each other ever since we were boys. But I had no time to be sorry; I went on with the army and never saw him again.”

From the Prince de Talleyrand Mr. Rogers learned a fact or two about the Emperor, which we may as well throw in here:—

“That dispatch which Bonaparte published on his retreat from Moscow, was it written by Himself?—By Himself certainly.—Which is the best portrait of him?—That which represents him at Malmaison. It is done by Isabey. The bust I gave Alexander Baring, done by Canova, is excellent. It stands too low at present.—Did he shave himself?—Always; though he was long about it, shaving a little and then conversing, if anybody was with him. A king by birth, said he smiling, is shaved by another. He who makes himself *Roi* shaves himself.”

Talleyrand on another occasion says:—

“He [Bonaparte] was with the army of England at Boulogne, when he heard of Mack’s being at Ulm. ‘If it had been mine to place him, I should have placed him there.’ In an instant the army was in full march, and he in Paris. I attended him to Strasburg, and was alone with him in the house of the Prefet—in one of the chambers there—when he fell, and foamed at the mouth. ‘Fermes la porte,’ he cried, and from that moment lay as dead on the floor. Berthier came to the door. ‘On ne peut pas entrer.’ The Empress came to the door. ‘On ne peut pas entrer.’ In about half-an-hour he recovered; but what would have been my situation if he had died? Before day-break he was in his carriage, and in less than sixty hours the Austrian army had capitulated.”

Mr. Rogers adds a note to this conversation: “The story of Napoleon’s illness at Strasburg I repeated to Lucien, who listened to it with great sang-froid. ‘Have you ever heard it before?’—‘Never. It is an infirmity to which many great men have been subject—Cæsar among others. My brother was once before attacked in the same way, but then (he said with a smile) he was defeated, I believe.’ S. R.”

The meeting of Wellington and Blucher on the field of Waterloo, when the shock of battle had ceased and the hack and carnage had begun, has been often described and painted. Here is the Duke’s account, which differs very much from the pictorial representations of the scene:—

“When all was over, Blucher and I met at La Maison Rouge. It was midnight when he came; and riding up, he threw his arms round me, and kissed me on both cheeks as I sat in the saddle. I was then in pursuit; and, as his troops were fresh, I halted mine, and left the business to him. [In the day I was for some time encumbered with the *Corps Diplomatique*. They would not leave me, say what I would.] We supped afterwards together between night and morning, in a spacious tent erected in the valley for that purpose. Pozzo di Borgo was there among others; and, at my request, he sent off a messenger with the news to Ghent; where Louis the Eighteenth breakfasted every morning in a bow-window to the street, and where every morning the citizens assembled under it to gaze on him. When the messenger, a Russian, entered the room with the news, the King embraced him; and all embraced him, and one another, all

over the house. An Emissary of Rothschild was in the street; and no sooner did he see these demonstrations than he took wing for London. Not a syllable escaped from his lips at Bruges, at Ostend, or at Margate; nor, till Rothschild had taken his measures on the Stock Exchange, was the intelligence communicated to Lord Liverpool."

From the lips of Lord Hardinge, Mr. Rogers set down a good story of the previous fight, in which the Prussians had been so terribly cut up.

"Before the battle of Ligny [said Lord Hardinge], in which I lost my arm about noon, Blücher, thinking that the French were gathering more and more against him, requested that I would go and solicit the Duke for some assistance. I set out; but I had not proceeded far for the purpose, when I saw a party of horse coming towards me; and observing that they had short tails, I knew at once that they were English, and soon distinguished the Duke. He was on his way to the Prussian head-quarters, thinking that they might want some assistance; and he instantly gave directions for a supply of Cavalry. 'How are they forming?' he inquired.—'In column, not in line,' I replied.—'The Prussian soldier, says Blücher, will not stand in line.'—'Then the Artillery will play upon them and they will be beaten damnably.' So they were. At the last Waterloo dinner, when my health was drunk as usual, and as usual I rose to return thanks, I stated briefly this occurrence, and the Duke, when I alluded to it, cried 'Hear, Hear.'"

There is another anecdote of Waterloo which we must cite:—

"Two days before the battle of Waterloo the Duke came in to Lady Mornington's room at Brussels, saying, 'Napoleon has invaded Belgium; order horses and wait at Antwerp for further instructions.' When they were there [at Antwerp] Alava entered their room, waving a bloody handkerchief, and informed her that a Victory was gained and that they must return forthwith to Brussels. She and her daughter had not been there [q. Brussels] half-an-hour when the Duke arrived, and walking up and down the apartment in a state of the greatest agitation, burst into tears, and uttered these memorable words:—'The next greatest misfortune to losing a battle is to gain such a Victory as this.'—*Note by Samuel Rogers.*"

To go back to the Duke's talk on the war in Spain. On some of the causes of his own great success in that country, he spoke very freely. The first was his stern protection of private property. This respect won him the goodwill of high and low. We give from his own conversation some striking instances of the help he got, and of its very great value to him as commander-in-chief of an advancing and victorious army:—

"Everywhere I received intelligence from the Peasants and the Priests. The French learnt nothing. At Vittoria they were hourly expecting Clausel with reinforcements, and I was taking my measures accordingly, when Alava brought me an Inn-keeper, who said, 'Make yourself easy, Sir; he is now quietly lodged for the night in my house, six leagues off.' So saying, he returned to attend upon him, and I lost no time. Gordon (afterwards killed at Waterloo) passed the night in an Osteria with some French Officers, and no sooner were they asleep than a Spanish child in the room made gestures to Gordon, drawing the edge of his hand across his throat.—'And why so?' said Gordon in the morning when they were gone.—'Because I knew you to be an Englishman by your sword and your spurs.'—'Don't drink of that Well,' said a Spanish Woman to an English Soldier. 'Is it poisoned?'—'Some Frenchmen are there,' she replied, 'and more than you can count.' Whenever a Frenchman came and looked into it, she sent him in, headlong."

At another time, the Duke said:—

"War in Spain is much less of an evil than in other countries. There is no property to destroy. Enter a house, the walls are bare; there is no

furniture. —, when at our head-quarters in Spain, wished to see an Army, and I gave directions that he should be conducted through ours. When he returned, he said, 'I have seen nothing—Nothing but here and there little clusters of men in confusion; some cooking, some washing, and some sleeping.'—'Then you have seen an Army,' I said."

When Soult came down from Dresden to arrest, as Napoleon believed he would, the victorious march of the English into France, the Duke was eager to catch a glimpse of this famous Marshal. He gratified his curiosity in a manner which, as events turned out, must have been extremely unpleasant for his new antagonist:—

"There was a Spy in the habit of going from camp to camp. We called him Don Urán de la Rosa; and he dined with us and the French alternately. 'Who is he and what is he?' said Alava when he saw him at table.—'A Spaniard, an Andalusian,' they replied.—'No Spaniard,' said Alava; 'he may be Cagliostro, or any body else, but no Spaniard.'—He was for ever talking as Frenchmen are, and always at my elbow. He had just left the French, and he said to me when I was reconnoitring, 'Do you wish to see Marshal Soult?'—'Certainly.'—'There he is, then!' I looked through my glass, and saw him distinctly—so distinctly as to know him instantly when I met him afterwards in Paris; as I did several times, though never to exchange ten words with him. He was sitting on his horse, and writing a despatch on his hat; while an Aide-de-Camp waited by him; to whom, when he had done, he delivered it, pointing with much earnestness in one direction again and again. 'I see enough,' I replied, and gave the glass to another, saying to him, 'Observe which way that gentleman goes.' He galloped off as directed; and I knew at once, as I thought, where the attack was to be made. 'That is my weakest point,' said I to myself; and I prepared accordingly; of such use, as I had always maintained, are glasses. He [Soult] looked much lustier than now, and just as his son now does. I beat him thoroughly the next day or the day after, and drove him back into France."

The opponent for whom the Duke of Wellington had the greatest respect was Massena. "When Massena was opposed to me, and in the field, I never slept comfortably," he said to Rogers. This is the highest form of compliment. Massena said to Wellington, in the same spirit—"I owe these grey hairs to you." This was at a dinner party in Paris. The sayings are characteristic of the two countries and the two soldiers.

Of personal anecdote concerning Wellington there is not much preserved by Mr. Rogers. The Duke was not fond of telling stories of himself—for he was not a hero in his own opinion, whatever he might be in that of his *valet de chambre*. We string together the few little traits which deserve attention:—

"In Spain, and also in France, I used continually to go alone and reconnoitre almost up to their piquets. Seeing a single horseman in his cloak, they disregarded me as some subaltern. No French General, said Soult, would have gone without a guard of at least a thousand men."

—And then both guard and general would have been seen and driven in. Again:—

"The elastic woven corset would answer well over the Cuiraass. It saved me, I think, at Orthez, where I was hit on the hip. I was never struck but on that occasion, and there I was not wounded. I was on horseback again the same day. In Spain I shaved myself over-night, and usually slept five or six hours: sometimes, indeed, only three or four, and sometimes only two. In India I never undressed; it is not the custom there; and for many years in the Peninsula I undressed very seldom; never for the first four years."

The italics are ours; as are those also in the following passage:—

"I speared seven or eight wild boars in a forest

in Picardy—an Eastern practice. The largest struck the sole of my foot with his tusk, when I thrust my lance into his spine, and was turning my horse off at the instant, as I always did. The rest of the party set up a shout, and I believe it gave me more pleasure, this achievement, than anything I ever did in my life. Lord Hill killed one on foot, but the difficult thing was to kill one on horseback. Whoever threw the first lance into a boar claimed it as his."

An anecdote at the Tuileries has something of a personal interest:—

"I have often dined with the King of the Netherlands. The Northern Kings admit subjects and strangers to dine with them. The Bourbons never did, I believe, at Paris, except in my instance. At Ghent, perhaps, the etiquette was departed from; but I believe I am the only person who has dined with Lewis XVIII. at Paris. I have dined often with him. He sat at six; and when dinner was announced, was wheeled in from the room in which he had received me. The table was large, and he sat between the two ladies, the Duchesses of Berri and Angoulême. I sat between Monsieur and the Duke d'Angoulême. They were waited upon by gentlemen—I by a servant; and, of course, best served. The dinner was exquisite. We sat down at six, and rose at seven; and then all sat and talked with the King till eight, avoiding all political subjects. The King ate freely, but mixed water with his wine, which was champagne. The King will not now go out in the carriage but on great occasions. They have contrived a machine to lift him into it by; but his indolence, or his fear of the caricaturists, or both, keep him at home. He is fond of *mots*, and full of *esprit* rather than sensible; and did not at first consent to read the speeches prepared for him by his ministers, preferring to speak *d'abondance*."

The Duke had no very high opinion of those who wrote on his warlike operations, and of this he made no secret. The severe verdict on Scott would have been very annoying to the romancer had he heard it:—

"Scott's '*Life of Napoleon*' is of no value. The tolerable part of it is what relates to his retreat from Moscow. I have thought much on that subject, and have made many inquiries concerning it. I gave him my papers. He has used some, not all."

Of Southey the Great Duke also thought meanly:—

"Napier has great materials, and means well; but he is too much influenced by anything that makes for him, even by an assertion in a newspaper. I do not think much of Southey. The Subaltern is excellent, particularly in the American Expedition to New Orleans. He describes all he sees."

The Duke, as we know from these conversations and from other sources, occasionally contemplated writing commentaries on his campaigns in the manner of Caesar and Sir Francis Vere. Of Caesar he was a careful student. "Had Caesar's Commentaries with me in India," he says, "and learnt much from them,—fortifying my camp every night as he did. I passed over the rivers as he did, by means of baskets and boats of basket-work; only I think I improved upon him, constructing them into bridges, and always fortifying them, and leaving them guarded, to return by them if necessary." In another place, referring to this longing to become his own historian, the Duke says,—"I should like much to tell the truth; but if I did I should be torn to pieces, here or abroad. I have, indeed, no time to write, much as I might wish to do so; and I am still [December, 1827] too much in the world to do it."

We find these 'Recollections' so rich in gossip that we shall return to them for a second feast.

On Hallucinations: a History and Explanation of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstasies, Magnetism, and Somnambulism. By A. Briere de Boismont, M.D. Translated from the French, by Robert T. Hulme. (Renshaw.)

THE Enchanted Land of Hallucination is no very pleasant realm to dwell in. It is far better to remain among realities. Even the paradise of Hasheesh leads to a Gehenna of ugly shadows. Brightly as John Chinaman may dream for awhile, the angels of his opiated fancy are distorted into demons at last. And so with our Western day-dreams, at least whenever they come within range of the physician's scrutiny. Now and then, it is true, the tainted imagination wanders into hemispheres of unreal beauty, with pearl-paved seas, star-faced syrens, and a bloom of amaranth upon all nature. M. de Boismont presents several illustrations of such aureole visions; but they are exceptional. Hoofed and horned fiends, spectral white countenances, terrible discs of blood, shrouds, coffins, figures of the dead—the more fearful, perhaps, if they look divine—wailings, and menacing voices,—these make up, for the most part, the sights and sounds of our modern necromantic world. Nor may we pity less the morbid victim condemned to be haunted by the eidolon of a grotesque black cat, or uncouth dog, or old woman in a red cloak, or winged fish, or huge pair of goggle eyes. Possibly, if the truth were known, a majority of persons would be found to have had at one period or another some visitation of this kind,—momentary, of course, in general; but, in certain instances, so inveterate that the strange companionship is never shaken off. The treatise of M. de Boismont, extensively known in France, and well deserving the notice of English readers, tends to establish the theory that, in all cases of hallucination the physician—quoting that term in its strictest sense—might trace a physical cause, detect some flaw or change in the bodily system, were he enabled by the progress of science to pursue his investigations far enough. Ten classes of hallucinations are tabulated. The first contains such as co-exist with a sound understanding, whether or not corrected by the mind. These affect the sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching faculties. In the second we have simple forms of insanity, uncomplicated by mania or dementia. Next stand those which are thus complicated. The results of excess, whether in drinking, the use of narcotics, and the introduction of poison into the system, occupy a category apart. Then come the ghastly variety of nervous diseases, from catalepsy to hydrophobia, followed by nightmare and dreams, ecstasies, hallucinations connected with febrile maladies, and “epidemic hallucinations.”

But what is an hallucination? Infinite are the aspects of this disease. It planted for Napoleon a star in the firmament; it troubled the sleep of Catherine de' Medici; it made Joan of Arc a warrior and Mohammed a prophet. In an age of chivalry it creates heroes,—in one of superstition it takes the forms of sorcery and vampirism. It now stimulates Loyola, and now warms the heart of Luther. What the physical secret is, pathological anatomy has hitherto failed to discover. Examination of bodies after death affords no satisfactory information. To define hallucinations seems a difficult task, since so many have attempted it unsuccessfully. Arnold, Crichton, Ferriar, Hibbert, Esquiro, Leuret, and numerous others have been more or less epigrammatic on the subject. M. de Boismont himself says, “We define a hallucination as the perception of the sensible signs of an idea, and an illusion as the false appreciation of real sensations.” As for

Meister's view, it seems to imply that illusions tempt men to commit suicide, to write great poems, to believe in Swedenborg, to solve geometrical problems, to command armies, or to fancy themselves fishes; a like hallucination painted the ‘Last Judgment,’ wrote ‘Hamlet,’ and built the flamboyant towers of Cologne. The fables of the East are among its fruits. It rounded the limbs of the Apollo Belvedere, and it buds on the breast of Venus. So far, the thing is genial enough; and very convenient when acting as it did on the pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who declared he could paint three hundred portraits a year, because he required only one sitting. When a sitter came—thus the story runs—he looked at him for half-an-hour, and commenced work. When he wished to resume, he “took the man and set him in the chair.” Looking at the chair, he saw the man. But what was the end? He was thirty years in a lunatic asylum! says M. de Boismont, quoting Dr. Wigan apparently:—

“It is an extraordinary fact that when this gentleman resumed his pencil, after a lapse of thirty years, he painted nearly as well as when insanity compelled him to discontinue it. His imagination was still exceedingly vivid, as was proved by the portrait I saw him execute, for he had only two sittings of half-an-hour each; the latter solely for the dress and for the eyebrows, which he could not fix in his memory.”

Talma used to boast that on entering the stage he could banish from his sight the gorgeous dresses and brilliant audience, substituting for them a company of skeletons. This was a sort of voluntary hallucination. Wigan mentions an individual who was so accustomed to conjure up his own image that at length it pertinaciously haunted him. Finally, from enjoying the phantasy he came to dread it, and put an end to his existence. We all remember the cases of “imaginary disease”—wrongly described thus, we think—related by Sir Walter Scott. Nicolai, of Berlin, was haunted by troops of apparitions, until a simple operation of blood-letting exorcised the devils from his mind. In these instances, though anatomy might not have detected it, there were physical agencies at work. Take, also, the following example:—

“A gentleman of high attainments was constantly haunted by a spectre when he retired to rest, which seemed to attempt his life. When he raised himself in bed, the phantom vanished, but reappeared as he resumed the recumbent posture.”

It has been suspected that the first Napoleon when he assured General Rapp that a bright particular Bonaparte star was shining in the heavens, was but acting a part. Why should we believe so? Much glory had made him mad. He was exactly the person to think himself in alliance with the sublime powers. The weakness of his character was egotism. We can easily imagine him gazing at the skies, singling out some special luminary, and identifying it with himself. It was not impotence; it was folly, and the folly of a marvellous intellect. When Lord Londonderry and Lord Castlereagh told their tales about “the Radiant Bay” it was perfectly reasonable to credit them. The incident did happen. They saw what they alleged themselves to have seen, in the same manner that a frightened child certainly sees a ghost. We once knew a little girl, eleven years old, who was shut in a cellar as a punishment. When released, the colour of her skin had changed; instead of a rosy Grace there was an alabastine spectre. Some diabolical hallucination had been present, and she died in agonies of horror. Better an old-fashioned flogging than this tampering with a quick fancy. Can we doubt, moreover, that the half-length figure of a female devoured in a

lake of flames was, to all intents and purposes, seen by Rancé,—that Malebranche heard the mystic voice of which he spoke,—that Byron was visited by the spectre,—that Johnson realized his mother's accents calling him,—that the vision of a human arm coming out of a wall appeared to Pope,—or that Goethe was startled by the counterpart of himself? The recent narrative of a traveller in Egypt is positive evidence that the imagination, acted on by some wondrous influence, does paint for itself these pictures, and that in utterly inexplicable relationships. The sleepless dreams of Benvenuto Cellini are to be accounted for by the anguish of his captivity; but something else is necessary to explain the hallucination of the second Lord Chesterfield. We cite another case:—

“A youth of eighteen, having no tendency to enthusiasm or romance, and with an entire absence of superstition, was residing at Ramsgate for the benefit of his health. In a ramble to one of the neighbouring villages, he happened to go into a church towards the close of day, and was struck aghast by the spectre of his mother, who had died some months before of a painful and lingering disease, an object of great compassion and commiseration. The figure stood between him and the wall, and remained for a considerable time without motion. Almost fainting, he hastened home; and the same spectre appearing to him in his own room for several successive evenings, he felt quite ill from the agitation, and hastened off to Paris to join his father, who was living there.”

This young man was at Ramsgate “for the benefit of his health.” He had lost his mother; and the singular fact added is, that her image had appeared also to his father in Paris, and to his brother elsewhere. What wonder that a husband should dream of his wife, and sons of their mother? There are persons who, as M. de Chambre has written, being haunted by voices or images, are fully aware that they are the dupes of their imagination. A certain operation takes place spontaneously in the brain, an operation which usually results from a physical sensation. If there be insanity in this, it is partial, and the mind, properly so-called, is altogether unaffected, for the individual remains master of his intellect and his will.

Infinitely more formidable, of course, are the hallucinations involving insanity. The disease, in these cases, is obvious, although the minutest dissection might not pass that line at which the mystery of death and creation crosses our path. The victim hears fearful commands shouted or whispered in his ears; he battles fiercely with the tempters; their infernal importunities pursue him: he was cured by medicine and surgery. Calmeil mentions a clergyman demented by the idea that he wrote to the dictation of St. Michel. As to illusions of sight, we can scarcely conceive madmen free from them. It is in the very nature of their paroxysms to see the room full of murderers; to be panic-struck by hags on crutches; to open imaginary doors to spectral companions. M. de Boismont speaks of a blind lunatic who fancied himself encircled by beves of beautiful women, whom he would address alternately with insults and compliments. In the case of this unfortunate, “there was atrophy of both the optic nerves.” What, however, was the physiological truth with regard to Spinello, tormented by his own portrait of the devil? We can comprehend these phenomena better than the illusions of touch. People in an insane state fancy they are being pinched, whipped, magnetized, screwed down in coffins, or mutilated; that they are flying; that pigmy goblins are coursing over their bodies. This last was the famous hallucination of Berbiguier, who

thought he had bottled a multitude of the imps! Again, lunatics fancy—and this is very strange—that the air around them is fetid, or that it is deliciously perfumed. An inmate of the Salpêtrière Hospital declared that there was a cellar beneath, "where they had slaughtered a number of men and women, and that every day she perceived a most horrible smell from the putrefying bodies." What is that magic of nature which, to the sense of a particular individual, renders a rose loathsome and converts stench into luxury?—

"Some invalids accumulate sand and small pebbles, believing them to be precious stones. M. V. passes the day in examining with his glass these pretended jewels. He returns home sinking beneath the weight of his riches. Illusions of the sense of touch will frequently lead the insane person to think he has been struck. Madame D. suffers from an eruption of the skin, which she regards as the marks of blows that have been given her during the night. It is certain that rheumatic, neuralgic and internal pains give rise to illusions of touch in many of the insane. We associate with illusions all those false sensations which arise from disease of the internal organs, as the stomach, intestines, &c.; all those of the hypochondriac which have been spoken of as internal hallucinations. Most of these illusions are associated with the previous occupations, ideas, habits and passions of the invalid. A young lady told me that she was unable to rest because all the persons around her wore masks, and she was in the midst of a perpetual carnival. This illusion, like many others, remained quite inexplicable, until she had been with me some time, when I learnt that it originated in a visit she had paid to a *bal masqué* at the opera. Illusions of smell and taste are exceedingly common. We have hereafter related the case of a patient who licked the walls of his apartment, mistaking them for oranges. Nothing is more common, especially in monomania accompanied by melancholy, than to hear the person complain his food has a poisonous taste; an idea which leads him to attempt suicide by starvation."

It is pitiable to read the chapter on Monomania, Stupidity, and General Paralysis, as men who have passed years in licking the sills of a door, or a monomaniac who believed he must remain silent and motionless or instantly die; of wretches breathing in momentary dread of poison; of others who fancy they have swallowed a watch, a knife, or a sponge. There is a fearful narrative concerning a young girl who, having married, was tormented by the belief that a demon had previously become her husband. This was once a prevalent superstition. The legend of Robert the Devil is founded upon it. So also is the romance of Paul Feval. A succubus or an incubus figures in many a legend of the Middle Ages. Then, as to *delirium tremens*. This might almost be described as a permanent state of frantic hallucination. From nervous diseases spring, of course, all possible varieties of hallucination. Indigestion, as many unhappy philosophers know, will produce nightmare. Pity the sorrows of such as endure what M. de Boismont describes:—

"In childhood and youth nightmare often assumes the following form: the individual who is attacked fancies he is on the edge of the bed, or of a precipice, and is about to fall. Nothing can save him from his danger; he sees with horror the opening gulf, an irresistible force is pushing him into it, and he awakes from the shock of his fall. Sometimes the images which surround the child are of a happy nature, and he laughs with delight. At other times there are robbers in the person's apartment; he wishes to fly, but finds an irresistible force binds him to the spot. The person who is a prey to this kind of hallucination is in a state of violent agitation; he endeavours to call for help, but his voice is stifled in his throat, and he finds himself speechless. The most imminent danger, or even death itself, may form the termination of the crisis; the person wakes up in a state of alarm,

and with his body bathed in a profuse perspiration; his pulse is thick, he feels a sensation of choking and discomfort; these feelings pass off in a few seconds. Amongst the various forms of nightmare we must not omit that in which the person believes he is condemned to death; he sees all the preparations made for his execution, he mounts the scaffold, his head falls, and yet he continues to retain his consciousness as if nothing had happened."

We cannot enter into a discussion with M. de Boismont in connexion with his views on Magnetism and Somnambulism. There appears to be some extravagance and exaggeration, at least, in the language he employs. But we will follow him in outline on the causes of hallucination and illusion. Fevers will produce them, yet they also occur in persons of sound mind and in good health:—

"In a medical point of view the nervous and circulatory systems undoubtedly perform a very important part in the production of hallucinations; but the difficulty is, how do they act? We are entirely ignorant of this even in the ordinary operations of the mind. We only know that various stimulants, acting on the blood and on the nervous system, give greater brilliancy and vivacity to the ideas, which simply means that there is a greater influx of blood to the brain. We are neither acquainted with the agent which produces this excitement, where it operates, nor what are the changes which it produces. Must we not then admit a predisposition—that unknown something—which in one person gives rise to apoplexy, in another to inflammation, and in a third to softening of the brain, or some other form of disease?"

The causes of hallucination are not to be confounded with the causes of insanity. Moral influences, spreading through the world, have created multitudes of false ideas, such as belief in magic, astrology, sorcery, divination, omens, the raising of spirits, auguries, aruspices, necromancy, cabalism, oracles, the interpretation of dreams, pythonesses, sibyls, manes, lares, talismans, the presence of demons in flesh and blood, incubi, succubi, familiars, lemures, vampirism, possession, lycanthropy, spirits, ghosts, spectres, goblins, phantoms, lutins, sylphides, fairies, evil eyes, enchantments, and witches. When a vivid, credulous, and susceptible imagination enters this forest of horrors, in which "from every leaf slides devilry," no wonder that it should ever afterwards be haunted. Again, the fabulists had their share in raising up these barbaric visions, with their monstrous celestial cities, subterranean worlds, poisonous rivers, colossal serpents, basilisks, leviathans, and ogres, their phoenix, flying snakes, krakens, stoyges, cherubim, and spectral fish. None of this, however, accounts for that which the wisdom of a British jury would record as "temporary insanity":—

"A clerk in a public office stated that his stores had been robbed; he fell into a low, despondent condition, and declared that the officers of justice were in search of him; he saw the gendarmes surround his house, the scaffold prepared, and the executioner in attendance to put him to death. He was taken out in order to convince him that no such scene existed, except in his imagination; but it was useless; he still continued to see the scaffold and the gendarmes. To escape this imaginary death he committed suicide."

Remorse frequently acts in the same manner, as illustrated in the narratives of Suetonius, and by the example of Charles the Fourth of Spain. M. de Boismont states:—

"Manoury, who was the enemy of Urbain Grandier, was chosen, on April 26, 1634, to examine and ascertain whether, according to the statement of the prioress, the accused had any part of his body which was insensible. He fulfilled this mission with the greatest barbarity, and one cannot even think of the sufferings of the unhappy man without a thrill of horror. He had, however, rea-

son to repent of his cruelties, for, 'returning one night from visiting a patient on the outskirts of the town, accompanied by his brother and another person, he suddenly cried out, "Ah! there is Grandier! What do you want with me?" He trembled violently, and was seized with a frenzy, from which his companions could not recover him. They took him to his house, talking perpetually to Grandier, whom he seemed to have before his eyes; they got him to bed, still trembling and in the same state of frenzy. During the few remaining days of his life he remained in the same state. He died with the idea that Grandier was present, and endeavoured to keep him away, uttering all the time frightful exclamations."

The ninth Charles of France also fancied himself amidst the Resurrection of St. Bartholomew. Dr. Winslow cites, as an illustration of the same fact, Cardinal Beaufort's death of misery. Among physical causes M. de Boismont particularizes some that need not here be mentioned, and goes on to explain:—

"In speaking of the physical causes of hallucinations, we may again refer to those which are produced voluntarily by looking at the sun, or an image of it in a glass, and then directing the vision to a dark part of the room. Amongst other experiments of this kind, Darwin has related the following:—"I covered a paper, about four inches square, with yellow, and with a pen, filled with a blue colour, wrote upon the middle of it the word BANKS, in capitals; and sitting with my back to the sun, fixed my eyes for a minute exactly on the centre of the letter N in the word. After shutting my eyes, and shading them somewhat with my hands, the colour was distinctly seen in the spectrum in yellow colours on a blue ground; and then, on opening my eyes on a yellowish wall at twenty feet distance, the magnified name of BANKS appeared on the wall, written in golden characters."—"A friend of mine," says Abercrombie, 'had been one day looking intently at a small print of the Virgin and Child, and had sat bending over it for some time. On raising his head he was startled by perceiving at the further end of the apartment a female figure of the size of life, with a child in her arms. The first feeling of surprise having subsided, he instantly traced the source of the illusion, and remarked that the figure corresponded exactly with that which he had contemplated in the print. The illusion continued distinct for about two minutes.'"

We should scarcely have thought of adverting the mirage among hallucinations. Strictly speaking, it is no more a hallucination than the reflection of one's own face in a mirror.

M. de Boismont's chapter on the Causes of Hallucinations adds many proofs to the theory, that, whatever the original influence, the actual malady arises from a physical source. Hasheesh, of course, is one of the most direct and powerful agencies. Stramonium, taken in attempts at suicide, will sometimes throw the patient into a fit of wild illusion, lasting three or four days. The berries of the belladonna excite hallucinations of a most extraordinary character. M. de Boismont passes on to another view:—

"In reading the biographies of many men of genius, we obtain a convincing proof that the conception is converted into an hallucination, or rather that the idea becomes invested with a sensible form. Raphael, as we learn from a passage in Abercrombie, saw before him the picture of the Transfiguration at the time he was painting it. In one of his letters to his friend Castiglione, he says that, being unable to obtain models which would serve him for his Madonnas, he was compelled to figure in his mind the types of these creations. We have also read that Michael Angelo remained for days gazing upon vacancy, where he beheld at those times the reflected image of his gigantic cupola. Leonardo da Vinci, when he was commissioned by the prior of the Santa Maria della Grazia to paint his celebrated picture of the Last Supper, after having worked at it steadily for some

time, suddenly laid it aside. The prior, discontented at this, made great complaints to the Duke Louis le Maure, who, in consequence, requested Leonardo to complete his work. The illustrious painter did not give a direct answer to the duke, but began to discourse upon his art with that enthusiasm which caused it to be said of him, that he painted while he spoke; when he perceived that he had satisfied the duke, he observed to those present that the ideas of the artist were formed in his brain, and not merely on the canvas, and that frequently he was more truly painting when at rest, than when the brush was in his hand."

Haydn and Newton worked so nervously that they required to be alone; Glück was miserable unless in the open air. It was in the centre of a meadow, with a pianoforte before him, that he composed his 'Iphigenia.' Granville wrought out his ideas while throwing up a velvet cap against the walls and ceilings, or playing with a frog in a glass of water. A celebrated French preacher was accustomed to stimulate himself by stripping to his shirt and playing on a violin. All this, M. de Boismont insists, is hallucination. Very wide is the difference, however, between such episodes and that relating to the famous illusions of Pearce, still, we believe, an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital:—

"On the 25th of November, 1840, Mr. Pearce, the author of several clever medical works, was tried at the Central Criminal Court for shooting at his wife with intent to murder, and acquitted on the ground of insanity. He was shortly afterwards taken to Bethlehem Hospital, where he has remained ever since. He entertained the peculiar notion that his wife wished to destroy him, and that she had bribed persons to effect his death in various ways, the principal of which was that his bed was constantly damped or wetted. This idea seems to have haunted him continually. For some time he refused to leave the gallery in which his cell was situated, and go into the airing-ground; in order, as it appeared, that he might watch his cell-door to prevent anything 'villanous' being done. In a letter addressed to the governors of the hospital, Pearce argued the point in a very serious and connected manner. 'If,' said he, in allusion to some of the witnesses, who at various times had stated they felt his bedding, and found it dry, 'the simple act of placing one's hand upon a damp bed, or even the immediate impression on a man's body when he gets into it, was infallible, how could it occur so frequently that travellers at times are crippled with rheumatism, or lose their lives by remaining all night in damp bedding? If the thing was so easily discoverable, no man of common understanding could be injured by such a proceeding or accident at inns. Technically speaking, the matter of which I complain is not a delusion; it is an allegation—a positive charge, susceptible of proof, if proper evidence could be brought to bear upon the fact, not warped or suborned by the man or men in whose power I hourly am. It would be a sad delusion for me to declare my bed was composed of straw instead of flocks, or that I was a prophet, or the Pope, or Sir Astley Cooper. I grant I have no such crotchets. My mind is perfectly sound, calm, and reflective; and I implore you to consider well the distinction between the things which cannot in nature physically be, and the things which can physically be. It is a vital one in my sad case. It may be told you I have charged persons elsewhere with this atrocity of damping my bed. I have done so. At the private madhouse, kept by persons of the name of Stillwell, near Uxbridge, whence I was brought here, my bed was kept almost wet for three months, and I only saved my life by sleeping on a large trunk, now in the store-room of this hospital, with my daily articles of dress to cover me. Some portion of this time the cold was, by Fahrenheit's scale, eight and ten degrees below freezing point. He then solicited that a lock might be put on his cell-door to protect him from this annoyance, and concluded his letter with the following appeal:—'I beseech you to commiserate my hard lot. I

have had some little claim to the title of gentleman, and have been estimated by persons of some consideration in society. I am now, by a wretched chain of circumstances, in a great prison-hospital, dragged from my children and my home and the comforts of social life, and doomed to herd with desperadoes against the State, the destitute and the mad.' Mr. Pearce was afterwards introduced, and answered the questions put to him in a very collected manner. After which he went on to state that, since his marriage trip to Boulogne, he had been subjected to the greatest abuse from his present wife, and on one occasion had been struck by her, and insulted by the vilest epithets. He complained that, when first brought to Bethlehem Hospital, he had been 'chummed' with Oxford, and objected, but had been compelled to associate with that ruffian. He had taught Oxford the French language, and tried to improve his mind. Oxford had conveyed to him matter of great importance relative to the great crime of which he had been guilty, and which he (Mr. Pearce) thought of sufficient importance to be communicated to the Secretary of State, and accordingly he had written a letter in Latin, communicating all the circumstances. It had, however, been taken from him, and he did not know whether it had ever been sent to Downing Street. He wished to show how Oxford boasted of having cajoled Sir A. Morrison and Dr. Munro into a belief that he was insane, and how he sent for such books as 'Jack the Giant-Killer,' in order to make the jury let him off on the ground of insanity. This was what he (Mr. Pearce) wished to tell the Secretary of State, and now the letter was used against him. After some further remarks, Mr. Pearce was questioned by the jury, and persisted in the statement that his bed was damped, that deleterious drugs were applied to his clothes, and that a conspiracy existed against him. He produced from under his clothes a small packet, which he said contained portions of the shirt of which mention had been made, and a snuff-box, in which he stated he had kept parts of the shirt, and which he 'demanded' to have submitted to the test of Prof. Faraday, or some other eminent chemist. He announced himself to be grand-nephew of Zachariah Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, and translator of Longinus, and prayed, in conclusion, the jury to relieve him from the situation in which he was placed. The jury returned a verdict to the effect 'that Mr. Pearce was of unsound mind, and that he had been so from the 16th of October, 1840.'

Where was the possibility, in this case, of tracing a cause; of precipitating, so to speak, the original element of the delusion; of analyzing the moral and physical mixture, until the particle of intellectual poison had been detected? We are not so perplexed as M. de Boismont professes himself to be by these epidemic superstitions which he so picturesquely describes, or by the fantastic belief that has prevailed in the Elbe Valley since the Thirty Years' War. From time to time, at midnight, as the people think, ghosts make their appearance on the banks of the river. These phantoms are mounted on horseback, clothed in a blue uniform faced with red, and traverse the country between the different villages, not only causing the greatest alarm to those who may be out at that time, but sometimes wounding them with their swords. The peasantry say, these apparitions are the spectres of Swedish cavaliers, who have remained in the country since the war. We are inclined to class this superstition with the Monmouthshire belief in corpse candles, and the Brittany faith in translucent virgins. M. de Boismont's work, considered as a philosophical disquisition, leads, we have no hesitation in saying, to a distinct opinion, in which he is supported by eminent witnesses in Great Britain and on the Continent,—that, however real a phantom may be to the vision, mental or physical, and however impossible it may be at present, anatomically, to fix the source and centre of the disease by the

examination of victims after death, there is something in the human body which, however minute, would explain the malady of the mind, if only the microscope of science were subtle enough to discover it. In the meanwhile, we may commend to general notice M. de Boismont's volume, translated, in a masterly way, by Mr. Hulme.

Life and Liberty in America; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada, in 1857-8. By Charles Mackay. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

First Impressions of the New World on Two Travellers from the Old in the Autumn of 1858. (Longman & Co.)

'Life and Liberty in America' is a bright, fresh, and hopeful book, worthy of the author whose songs are oftenest heard on the Atlantic, and whose name is a household word in Transatlantic homes and green-woods. The author of 'The Good Time Coming' has done much towards the peopling of the West, and we are greatly mistaken if the author of these sketches, now published in a complete form, be less successful in influencing emigrants or tourists. For Dr. Mackay writes as healthily and as cheerfully as he sings—describing, as he tells us, 'Life as he saw it, and 'Liberty' as he studied it, to the extent of his opportunities, both in the North and in the South.' Yet, though these sketches are liberal, they are not by any means insincere. Dr. Mackay can blame as well as praise, but he discharges both a traveller's duties in a large and friendly way—never forgetting those whose hands he has grasped, or whose salt he has eaten, nor, for the sake of being thought funny by a little knot of Englishmen, deeming it a mark of sense to alienate the great, though perhaps over-sensitive, public in America. It was not the most favourable time of the year when Dr. Mackay set out on his Transatlantic tour, nor did he land under the most encouraging circumstances, for he crossed the Atlantic in an October storm, and was introduced to New York in the middle of a monetary crisis. Our traveller's exordium, however, is not querulous, nor his first sketch discoloured. Half-Parisian, half-Manxestrian, Broadway, with its white marble hotels, stores, stars and stripes, and three miles of effulgence from the Battery to Grace Church, externally surprises him, while the 'oyster and lager beer saloons,' upon which he descends, internally satisfy him; after which he passes descriptively, but not approvingly, to the hotel-life and to the 'bar'-life in America.

From New York Dr. Mackay takes his passage to Fall River by a temperance steamboat, on board of which an amusing incident happens. 'Can I have some lager beer?' he asks the negro.—'Can't do it, sar,' answers the black, with a grin; 'it's against the rules, sar.'—'What rules?'—'The rules of the ship. Ours is a temperance boat, sar.'—'Then why don't you advertise it as a temperance boat, that people may take their choice?'—'All the same, sar,' said the negro, 'zackly the same. Can't let you have beer or wine at the table; but you go on, sar, to the barber's shop, and thar you'll get everything you want, sar—whisky, rum, brandy, wine—all sorts thar, sar.' The metropolis of 'the Bay State,' ancient, wealthy, literary Boston, is then sketched, with its park-like common, where leafy English elm-trees planted by early settlers are to be seen, and a sacred, old, pre-colonial elm, whose boughs are tenanted by a colony of grey squirrels. Are there not notable, too, the State House, and Fenwick Hall, and Franklin's House,—and in Washington Street a bookstore to which the wits, and scholars, and poets

of Cambridge resort? According to Dr. Mackay "every gentlemanly-looking person, with a decent coat and a clean shirt," met in Washington Street we may "safely put down as either a lecturer, a Unitarian minister, or a poet—possibly the man may be, Cerberus-like, all three at once." The literary friendships made at Cambridge, and the pleasant conversation enjoyed in the company of Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, and the "excellent and venerable Josiah Quincy," Dr. Mackay hints at,—but, in accordance with English taste, does not publish in detail. After an autumn sketch of Niagara, and a picture of Newport in November, Dr. Mackay takes us to the Quaker city. The rectangular streets and respectable inhabitants of Philadelphia find no favour in Dr. Mackay's eyes, and he describes both with considerable injustice. Strangely enough, Dr. Mackay is silent respecting the Art institutions of Philadelphia, though he enumerates the clubs and artists of New York. Washington, where our author is hospitably entertained—the old Dominion, with its F.F.V.'s, or first families—its wonderful railroad, down which the engine descends a rocky staircase, zigzagging 2,400 feet in 156 miles—Cincinnati, with its hogs and Catawba wine, are well and fairly sketched. In South Carolina Dr. Mackay passes into the heart of negro-land, and makes an interesting acquaintance:—

"We were next introduced to 'Uncle Tom,'—such was the name by which he had been known long before the publication of Mrs. Stowe's novel—a venerable negro who had been fifty years upon the plantation. His exact age was not known, but he was a strong, hearty man, when brought from the coast of Africa in the year 1808. 'Tom' had been sold by some petty African king or chief at the small price of an ounce of tobacco, and had been brought over with upwards of two hundred similar unfortunates by an American slaver. He was still hale and vigorous, and had within a few years married a young wife, belonging to a neighbouring planter. He was told by the General that I had come to take him back to Africa;—an announcement which seemed to startle and distress him, for he suddenly fell on his knees before me, clasped his hands, and implored me in very imperfect and broken English to let him stay where he was. Every one that he had known in Africa must have long since died; the ways of his own country would be strange to him, and perhaps his own countrymen would put him to death, or sell him again into slavery to some new master. He was much relieved to find that my intentions were neither so large nor so benevolent; though malevolent would perhaps be a better word to express the idea which impressed itself upon his mind in reference to my object in visiting him. The old man was presented with a cigar by one of our party, and with a glass of whisky by the General's orders, and he courteously drank the health of every one present, both collectively and individually. Drinking to a lady, he expressed the gallant wish that she might grow more beautiful as she grew older; and to the donor of the cigar he uttered his hope that at the Last Day 'Gor Almighty might hide him in some place where the Devil not know where to find him.'"

Upon the wealth and energy of the Free States our traveller is eloquent, agreeing with a countryman as to their possible future:—

"Indiana—which an intelligent old Scotchman, who had cultivated his farm in it for upwards of ten years, declared to me, with an expression of sorrow in his rough, honest countenance, to be an unwholesome place for a man of northern blood to live in—might contain and feed the whole population now existing in the United States, and be all the better for the burthen, does not number above a million and a half of people. I asked the Scotchman what was his objection to Indiana? 'Objection,' he replied, with a strong Highland accent; 'objection, did ye say? There is no objection but to its over-fruitfulness. The soil is so rich, the

climate so delicious, that the farmer has no adequate inducement to work. The earth produces its fruits too readily. The original course presses too lightly. The sweat of a man's brow is to be read of, but not to be experienced here; and the very air is balmy and sleepy. Idleness is the affliction that we have to struggle against; and idleness leads to drinking, and to quarrelsomeness, and all other evil. Satan is to be fought with hard work, and that will conquer him better than preaching. Na! na!' he added, shaking his head; 'if I had my life to live over again, and know what I know now, I would settle in a ruder soil and in a colder climate. Men whose ancestors are from the cold north—the wholesome north, I say—require frost to bring out their virtues. Heat is fatal to the true Scotchman, and for that matter to the true Englishman also. Men of our blood thrive upon difficulties. We grow rich and fat upon toil and obstruction; but here, in Indiana, Illinois, and away to the West as far as you can go, man gains his bread too easily to remain virtuous. This is a matter,' he continued, 'which people do not sufficiently consider. The southern and middle States will in time deteriorate for these reasons, but the north—the north—that will be the country. And as for Canada, no one can describe, without being accused of extravagance, the greatness and the glory of which it may not be made capable.'"

Canada forms the last and newest portion of the work. Lake Champlain, the Victoria Bridge, the Rapids, and the scenery of Montreal are picturesquely described, and we may look down on the city and river as seen by the Doctor from Bel Eil:—

"The grass had not begun to show itself, and there were considerable drifts and wreaths of snow in the pine woods, and in the shaded recesses of the hills, but in the glades where the sunshine could penetrate, and wherever there was a southern aspect, the anemones were peeping out among the pine spicules and the dead leaves of the last autumn. As we clomb higher and higher, we left the pine woods behind us for the bare, hard rock, and at last stood upon the wind-beaten summit of Bel Eil. Here, in the clear sunshine, we indulged our eyes with a goodly prospect. We were in the centre of a circle of at least 100 miles in diameter, and could see on the far horizon a majestic panorama of a thousand hills, the indented rim of the great basin, in the hollow of which pierced up our mountain top a solitary cone. To the south and west stretched the green hills of Vermont, and the higher peaks of Lake Champlain; and to the north and east the long Laurentian range which forms the only bulwark between Lower Canada and the polar blasts that sweep from Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Circle. The broad St. Lawrence wound its way through the prospect like a river of gold;—joined by the Richelieu, a smaller but equally brilliant thread in the mazy web of beauty. Montreal, with the twin towers of its cathedral, and the tin roofs and spires of its numerous churches and ecclesiastical buildings, glittered like a fairy city at the base of its own mountain; while at every point in the nearer prospect on which the eye happened to rest might be caught the shimmer of a tin-covered spire, and underneath and around it a village, seemingly no larger than a wasp's nest or an ant-hill."

In Canada, Dr. Mackay had an ovation,—and at Boston a parting dinner was given in his honour, where Dr. Holmes read a farewell poem, from which we subjoin a stanza, which Englishmen will be happy to think an American has written:—

Hugged in the clinging billows' clasp,
From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
The British oak, with rooted grasp,
Her slender handholds holds together,
With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills and threaded streams between—
Our little Mother Isle, God bless her!

Dr. Mackay's visit and his book will cement the *entente cordiale* between the two countries.

The "Two Travellers" have lower literary pretensions than Dr. Mackay. They made a shorter trip, and their intercourse with society

was perhaps less general than his. Yet, they, too, have produced an agreeable book; reflecting with more feminine minuteness all those parts of the American social system which diverge, however slightly, from our own. At Newport:—

"The next, perhaps the greatest, feature here is the bathing. There are three beaches formed round a succession of points, the whole forming a lovely drive on dry hard sand; and such a sun as we gazed upon yesterday setting over these distant sands passes description. On the first of these beaches are ranged more than a hundred bathing-machines, at about a hundred yards above high-water mark, looking like sentry-boxes on a large scale, with fine dry sand between them and the sea. We went down on Saturday to see the bathing, which is here quite a public affair; and having fixed our eyes on a machine about a dozen yards off, we saw two damsels enter it, while a young gentleman, who accompanied them, went into an adjoining one. In a few minutes he came out attired in his bathing dress, and knocked at the ladies' door. As the damsels were apparently not ready, he went into the water to wait their coming, and in due time they sallied forth, dressed in thick red baize trousers and a short dress of the same colour and material, drawn in at the waist by a girdle. The gentleman's toilet was coloured trousers and a tight flannel-jacket without sleeves. He wore no hat, but the ladies had on very *piquante* straw-hats trimmed with velvet, very like the Nice ones, to preserve them from a *coup de soleil*. They joined each other in the water, where they amused themselves together for a long time; a gentleman friend's presence on these occasions is essential, from the Atlantic surf being sometimes very heavy; but the young gentleman in question did not enact the part of Mr. Jacob, of Cromer, not being professional."

Like produces like all over the world. Our authors would find the bathing regulations very much the same at Biarritz—on this side of the Atlantic.

Here is another touch of the American peculiarity in manners; the tourists arrive at Springfield:—

"We were directed to a small new *cabaret*, whose only merit was that we, being its first occupants, found everything most perfectly fresh and clean; but having been only opened that day, and the town being very full, everything was in disorder, and there were but two bedrooms for papa, myself, William, and Throwing. It became an anxious question how to appropriate them, as there was but one bed in one of the rooms, and two in the other. However, it was finally arranged, that papa and William should sleep in the double-bedded room, and Throwing and I together in the single bed. We called Throwing a *lady* of the party, and made her dine with us, for had they known she was only a 'help,' she might probably have fared badly."

At Washington we get all the lions done for us once again, this time in sepia. We prefer, as a parting paragraph, to show how our lady voyagers in search of romances found and described "a real live Topsy":—

"She is fourteen, the property of an old Miss D. We noticed her yesterday standing about in the passage, and asked her if she belonged to the hotel, and she said no, that she belonged to Miss D. We said, quite seriously, as we now always do to blacks and whites of the lower orders, 'Where were you raised?' The creature answered us quietly, 'In Virginny.' She is a full, well grown girl, with a large bushy crop of wool on her head; a pleasant, large, round, intelligent face, that is almost pretty. The young niggers have very little of the real negro cast of countenance, and the little boys and girls about the streets are really pretty, and almost lovable looking; while the elders, especially the females, are hideous to behold, and are only to be tolerated, in point of looks, when they wear coloured turbans. When I see one adorned in a bonnet at the back of her head, with a profusion, inside, of the brightest artificial flowers, a bright vulgar shawl and dress, and an enormous hoop,

with very narrow petticoats, I always wish to rush home, light a large bonfire, and throw into the flames every article of ornamental dress that I possess. But to return to dear Topsy. We asked her if she were a slave, feeling very backward to put so trying a question to her; but she answered with the utmost simplicity, that she was, just as if we had asked her if she were from France or Germany. In reply to our questions, she said that her father and mother were slaves; that she had several younger brothers and sisters; that Miss D. is very rich. 'Spect she has above a hundred slaves;' and that she is very kind to them all. 'Can you read?'—'No; Miss D. has often tried to teach me, but I never could learn. 'Spect I am too large to learn now.' We lectured her about this, and gave her Sir Edward Parry's favourite advice, to 'try again.' I then asked her if she went to church. 'No, never.'—'Does Miss D.?'—'Mighty seldom.'—'Do you know who made you?'—'Yes, God.'—'Do you ever pray?'—'No, never; used to, long ago; but,' with a most sanctimonious drawl, 'feel such a burden like, when I try to kneel down, that I can't.' This was such a gratuitous imitation of what she must have heard the *goody niggers* say, that I felt sorely disposed to give her young black ears a sound boxing, for supposing such a piece of acting could impose upon us. However, leaving the dark ears alone, I urged the duty of prayer upon her, as strongly and simply as I could, and made her promise to kneel down every night and morning and pray. She had heard of Christ, and repeated some text (again a quotation, no doubt, from the *goody niggers*) about his death; but she did not know, on further examination, who He is, nor what death He died. She said Miss D. read to them all, every Sunday; but probably not in a very instructive manner. She said her name was Almira. I gave her Miss Marsh's 'Light for the Line,' which happened to be the only book I had by me which was at all suitable, and told her to get it read to her, and that I was sorry I had nothing else to give her; but I shall try this morning to get her an alphabet, in order to encourage her to make another attempt to learn to read. At parting last night, I spoke as solemnly as I could to her, and told her we should probably never meet again in this world, but that we should be sure to meet hereafter, at the judgment seat of God, and I entreated her to remember the advice I had given her. As we do not know Miss D., who is a very deaf old lady, staying here, like ourselves, for a day or two, our conferences with young Topsy have been necessarily very short, and constantly interrupted by Miss D.'s coming past us, and wanting her; but we should like very much to buy Almira, and bring her home to make a nursery-maid of her, and teach her all she ought to know, and 'spect' after all she is not 'too large' to learn, poor young slave! It was pleasant, in our first colloquy of the kind, to talk to such an innocent specimen of a slave. I mean innocent, as respects her ignorance of the horrors of slavery, of which she evidently had not even the faintest idea. I asked her what she did for Miss D.? 'Dresses her, does her room, and fixes her up altogether.'

This young savage is certainly Topsy with a difference.

History of France, from the Earliest Times to 1848. By the Rev. James White. (Blackwood & Son.)

We have often had occasion to remark that one of the rarest powers in a writer is the power of condensation—of massing great influences, great ideas and great results within the compass of a few sentences with such skill that to an uninitiated reader those sentences shall present an intelligible picture, and to a scholar shall in a moment recall the fruits of a long and sedulous reading. This power is possessed in an eminent degree by Mr. White, whose 'History of France,' in a single volume of some 600 pages, contains every leading incident worth the telling, and abounds in word-painting whereof a paragraph has often as much active life in it as one of those in-

square etchings of the great Callot, in which may be clearly seen whole armies contending in bloody arbitrament and as many incidents of battle as may be gazed at in the miles of canvas in the military picture galleries at Versailles.

It is not always an easy task to render in an interesting style even the interesting incidents of history. Many writers have failed in this apparently facile achievement. Still less easy is it to give life to the dead seasons, so to speak, of history. Mr. White re-creates the old world; old passions, old glories, old sorrows, old crimes and old heroes start into life so admirably grouped that they remain upon the memory.

Especially skilful is Mr. White in the depicting of the great Revolutions of France and their consequences. Take, as an example, the change of so-called Gaulish freedom for the despotism of a Roman chief:—

"When a wandering population, combined only for the purposes of plunder and destruction, forces its way into the peaceful domains of a people in a more advanced stage of civilization, the historian is justified in being as eloquent as he can in denunciation of the invasion. But when, as in the case of Caesar, the conquest achieved by the sword was accompanied by the arts of life and all the advantages of settled government and intelligible laws, we have too much sense to lament the fate of a crowd of miserable tribes, whose defeats bring them such benefits, and whose submission to the mightier power removes their contests from the slaughter of their battle-fields and the treacherous murders of their feasts, to the impartial decision of a Roman Emperor—bad and cruel, it is possible, in his individual capacity, but following certain laws in his formal judgments, and guided by the precedents and principles of four hundred years of liberty and power. Æduans, Nervians, Allobroges, and Veromandians, were compelled to accept the securities of citizenship—not the loss of liberty—at the point of the sword; and before many years elapsed, the inhabitants of the whole of Gaul looked back without regret to the stormy period of their savage independence, and almost forgot the sound of their original Gaelic in their devotion to the language of Cicero and Virgil. Many Gallican towns had colleges of their own, which rivalled the schools of Athens and Alexandria. Patricians sent their sons to finish their education in Marseilles; and gradually the tide of eloquence and learning went on till the grandsons of harsh-named warriors who had worn the plaid and trunk-hose, the long hair and wooden shoes of their country, were dressed in the Roman toga, and wore the robes of senator or pretor. It became a point of honour to follow Roman customs, and even to take Roman names. One gentleman, of the unepicurean name of Vercundaridub, whose fathers had evidently been drummers to the tribe, changed it into the easier sounded Caius Julius, and became a priest in the Temple of Augustus."

The last touch in the above picture will remind many readers of a similar faction in England, when the original old English country gentleman, or Ancient Briton, warm in his skins and still addicted to blue paint, looked with supreme disgust on the younger squires who adopted the Roman fashions and went out to dine with their conquerors.

If Mr. White has well narrated how Rome rooted herself in Gaul, still better, perhaps, has he told in a few sentences the story of the revolution which gave to Gaul permanent masters in the persons of Clovis and his Franks, in place of the Roman Emperor and his Vice-regents:—

"Bursting from the plains and forests of Germany in the year 481, the Franks, repulsed in former trials by the legions of Rome, dashed across the Rhine without opposition, and took possession of the land. There was no fighting or parleying, or

flights or treaties. The used-up population, the effeminate noble, the enfeebled serf, the trembling townsman and scattered labourer, could neither fight nor fly. Hope had died out among them; for Rome, to which they used to turn in all their distresses, was now the author of all their woes. Tyrannical Emperors had squeezed the last farthing of their coin, the last bushel of their meal, in the name of tax. What worse could the wild soldier of Chlodoveg, with his sharp sword and hungry followers, be than the Curial, or tax-gatherer, who sold them into slavery if they were deficient in the payment, and the noble who flogged them if they failed in their servile work! So, welcome a fresh invader! A change of sorrows will be almost a relief. But Chlodoveg had other claims to their submission. In the year 453, at the great battle of Chalons, where the devastating Huns under Attila were defeated, and scattered by a combination of all the tribes and languages which were still in the service of Rome, the Franks under their leader Meroveg, and the Goths under their own chief, had been of essential service. Often repulsed by the authorities of Gaul when they had tried to seize the country, and driven over the Rhine, they were now received as deliverers; and Franks and Goths contended for the gratitude and favour of the rescued population. But the Goths, who had learned some lessons of government by their intercourse with the polished rulers of Constantinople, had imbibed also some of the false doctrine at that time prevalent in the Eastern Church. They were Arians in faith, and the clergy of Gaul were uneasy at their obligation to such heretical intruders. To Chlodoveg, therefore, the grandson of the warrior Meroveg, they turned, because, as he was still an unconverted heathen, he would be less hostile than their rival sect."

The Merovingian line, or line of Clovis, died out in about two centuries and a half, and at the completion of that period the Church had become powerful enough to clothe with regal authority the man who possessed regal power and exercised it for the benefit of the Church. For hereditary right that church on such occasions had small respect, and when Islamism threatened to establish itself in France, Pope Zacharius wisely, grateful to the modest but hardfisted Charles Martel and to his active and far-seeing son, Pepin, crowned the latter King of the Franks:—

"And thus consecrated the second or Carlovingian race. But King Pepin was not to be outdone in generosity by a priest, and proclaimed the successors of St. Peter sovereign pontiffs and lords of the city and territories of Rome. By this arrangement, two shadowy impostures were abolished, and two strong realities substituted in their stead. The Western Church was freed from its nominal vassalage and subservience to the Eastern Cæsar; and the true King of the Franks, the man who 'could rule and dared not lie,' delivered from the apparent superiority of a phantom chief, from whom all life had long passed away."

The triumphs, reverses, virtues and errors of the Carlovingian race are rapidly and clearly narrated. If we take exception to any statement put forward by Mr. White, it is to that in which he says Charles the Simple was "properly so called." That much-abused Carlovingian King was remarkable for simplicity, but not for imbecility, and was altogether a better king than many who bore a pleasanter surname. Towards the end of the tenth century anarchy again plunges France in ruin. Out of it arose that stern feudal hero, Hugh Capet, Duke of France and Burgundy, who "was summoned to the throne, not so much by the voice of his country as by the necessity of his time," and was declared by the decree of the Roman Pontiff to be "King of France in virtue of his great deeds."

When in 1328 the Valois heir succeeded his kinsman, the last in a direct line of the Capets, France suffered as much as if Philip the Sixth

had reached the throne at the end of an insurrection. The ill-founded claim of our English Edward was the cause of this, and it was the basis of the national antipathies which long reigned in the breasts of the two people. For above two centuries and a half the French had but an uneasy time of it under their Valois kings; and at the end of it would have found fiercer masters still had Spain or Greece, or Mayence gained their prize, in place of the rightful heir, Henri of Bourbon. Again Rome, and for the last time, gave a King to France, for the Bourbon with all his victories could not lay his hands securely on the crown till he had exchanged his Protestantism for the Romish faith. "*Paris vaut bien une messe*" is said to have been his own comment on the difficulty which presented itself. But Mr. White makes too much of a virtuous gentleman out of his hero, and insists that Henri's declaration of faith at St-Denis must be accepted "as the sincere expression of his heart and mind";—against which we protest as heartily as Mr. White insists. What was the uncleanness of Louis the Fifteenth but a development of the loose morality of the first Bourbon King of France?

At the death of the Louis we have named the nation began to prepare for that Revolution the course of which has often been arrested and checked, but has not yet been concluded. Here is a good sample of how Mr. White ably exhibits his chief personages in the drama then commencing:—

"All the performers in the great drama, of which we are not yet come to the final act, were now upon the scene. There were Louis the Sixteenth, aged twenty years, gentle and kind; Louis the Eighteenth, aged nineteen, clearer in intellect and more marked in character; and Charles the Tenth, aged seventeen, stubborn and proud. These were the three grandsons of Louis the Fifteenth, and all attained the throne. But there was another personage at that time alive who also the likeness of a kingly crown had on: it was a little child of seven months old, a grandson of the false and dissolute Regent, who, after a long period of struggle and obscurity, emerges at the end of his career as Louis Philippe. Four Bourbons and a Buonaparte were all preparing for their parts in the year 1774—three princes, a boy playing the hoop in the streets of Ajaccio, and a baby in arms."

To these have succeeded the nephew of the lad of Ajaccio (for the hoop he holds a crown), and the grandson of the stubborn and proud Charles, watching France, hopelessly, from his cottage at Frohsdorf; and the grandson of Louis Philippe "waiting" for a summons which cometh not, to be king, prince, or president. If any one of these could only bear well in mind what worked the ruin of the sovereigns to whose throne he aspires, France would do well to recognize in him her guardian or her master. War, immorality, privileges of class, and oppression of the people, one or the other overturns the "do-nothing kings," as it did the Capets, the Valois, the Bourbons, the Republic, and the first Empire. May the French Revolution, now nearly three quarters of a century old, terminate by a grand transformation scene, wherein freedom may be safely offered to a people deserving to be freed, and able to enjoy and appreciate her liberty! Meanwhile we close our notice of Mr. White's book with an anecdote, the truth of which he guarantees, and the insertion of which in his volume is in reference to the day and the dead at Waterloo.—

"It was a Sunday; and while all the church bells in England were calling the people to prayer, the cannonade commenced. Everybody was in expectation of a battle. It was known in England that Napoleon had crossed into the Netherlands, and that Wellington was ready to meet him. News was slow of coming, and people's hearts were sick

with the expectation of the next mail. It chanced that, between the services on that eventful Sunday, a clergyman in Kent was walking in his garden. His gardener was an old soldier who had fought in Spain. He said, 'There's a fight going on, sir, somewhere; for I remember when we were in the Peninsula we always knew when a cannonade was taking place, wherever it might be, by a crumbling of fresh mould.' He took a spade and dug down a single foot, and along the smooth surface left by the steel an imperceptible trembling shook down little pellets of the soil. 'That's it, sir,' said the gardener; 'they're at it, sure enough.' Before the next Sunday came round, the news had spread 'from end to end of all the sea-girt isle;' joy-cannon had sounded from all the castles in the land; and it was known that the greatest victory of modern times had crowned the British arms."

We have said and quoted enough, we hope, to show that Mr. White has no ordinary powers in the department of literature which he here illustrates.

Rambles at the Antipodes: a Series of Sketches of Moreton Bay, New Zealand, the Murray River and South Australia, and the Overland Route. (Smith & Son.)

A whole group of colonies we are in the habit of confounding under the general name of Australia: hundreds of miles of inarticulated shore and rainless plain for which the coral insect laid the basis, and slow generations of grasses and grass-like trees died to furnish the superstructure. In a western haze of sunny smoke we place Adelaide,—a forest of white cotton-winged ships sleeping on the edge of a blue bay, with here and there the puff of a railway-engine, indicates the site of Melbourne, and amid bare plains vivid with pick and spade and knife, and an evanescent town of canvas, we feel satisfied in laying the scenery of Ballarat, the Ovens, or Bendigo. Not many persons possess accurate information respecting Moreton Bay or the Murray River, and may welcome a colonist who has to tell what prospects the first offers in institutions, climate or productions to make it desirable.

Moreton Bay is a free colony of sixteen years old, and it has arrived at the second colonial stage, when it is fitted to receive a governor and a bishop. Not that the place is by any means settled, either socially or politically. It is only, we learn, "about where Port Phillip was in 1845: wool and fat wethers supply the topic of conversation, occasionally varied by references to the breed of cattle, and brief discussions upon the good and bad qualities of the horse." Moreton Bay, in fact, is chiefly occupied by squatters, and conversation, as in agricultural England, fondly revolves on *re rustica*. Nothing can, apparently, be better than the climate, though the colony lies ten degrees nearer the equator than Melbourne. There is plenty of moisture as well as heat, the rain mostly falling in summer, and the winters being exceedingly dry. Taking into account the circumstances of the soil, luxuriant vegetation, and an air peculiarly favourable to consumptive persons, there seems to be no reason to question the statement that Moreton Bay is a very Montpellier of the Pacific. Approached from the sea, the colony in its general features resembles Victoria. For the first twenty or thirty miles you sail along a wide bay, which opens into the river Brisbane, in extent corresponding with the Yarra. Your vessel then floats, provided only it draws no more than eight or nine feet of water, over a bar of sand and shell; after which, for the length of twenty miles, the scenery is enlivened by groves of mangroves and bananas, by cheerful homesteads and farms, up to Brisbane, a town of four or five thousand inha-

bitants. Twenty-five miles beyond Brisbane, among glaring white limestone hills, is Ipswich, on the Bremer, where navigation ends. Lower down on the bay is Cleveland—interesting as being the resort of turtle, and "an animal more interesting even than turtle," "the yangan" or "dugong." The flesh of this animal is not only palatable, but actually curative; when fresh having the taste of tender beef, and when salted nearly resembling bacon. Every dugong yields an oil, which is found, in cases of scrofula and other diseases, to be more efficacious than cod-liver oil. Pine-apples and bananas, and the fruit of the bunya-bunya, are the showy products of Moreton Bay. The peach does not take so kindly to the soil, and cotton does not yet repay the expense of picking and cleaning. From Moreton Bay to the Murray River, from Northern to Southern Australia, is a rapid leap over twelve degrees of latitude. We pass to Campaspe and the Edward Rivers, and float along on a river-steamer without bulwarks up the innumerable windings of the stream. It is the usual course in the upper part of the river to steam by day, and to make fast to a gum-tree on either side the river by night. Every successive day a tributary of the river is passed, and we advance between banks enlivened only by the sounds of cockatoos, herons or cormorants, or spreading out into long treeless plains and swamps. Now and then the musk-duck flutters before the steamer, and perfumes the air,—then the snakes cross the watery path,—then a flock of wild ducks splashes into the stream, or white storks stand motionless in the light. On the banks droop the transparent leaves of the gum-tree; or, where they rise into red sand-hills, waves the noble pine-tree which takes its name from the Murray River—a tree in appearance not unlike the cypress. Here, too, the quandong or satin peach is found, yielding a fruit, however, of no great delicacy. For want of irrigation the stations on the Murray River are spots "of genuine dreariness." The stream is convenient, but as yet no Australian Aquarius has been found gifted enough to divert it, as the old Egyptians did, for the purposes of horticulture and agriculture.

Steaming along to the junction of the Darling with the Murray, our traveller crosses the boundary line separating Victoria from South Australia. At the first station the industry of the South Australians is apparent in the prices and abundance of eggs, butter, and milk, and in the neighbourhood of Lake Alexandrina, into which, after a course of 1,200 miles from Echunga, the Murray flows, "patches of cultivation, comfortable homesteads, steam flour-mills, thriving townships appear on all sides." The hotels, too, are cheap and commodious, and the aspect of the country is made cheerful by hedges of prickly acacia. A sketch of New Zealand, and a passing view of St. George's Sound, are the chief features worthy of notice in the remainder of the volume,—from which we may extract a description of Maori oratory:

"The Maori laughs at the habit of our orators of remaining stationary while they are speaking; he requires more scope, and likes ample room for the excitement generated in the process of speech-making: thus he walks rapidly up and down a space of twenty or thirty feet, speaking with the utmost volubility as he advances, and remaining silent, thinking of his next sentence, as he retires. If the spirit be very strong he perhaps speaks as he moves both ways; but it does not seem to be expected of him, and I dare say the pauses enable him to do greater justice to the short sentences blurted rapidly out as he walks, trots, or sometimes dances, up the little lane devoted to his oratorical purposes. At short intervals, during the speech of a native, it is interlarded by the chanting of some little song well known amongst them, and supposed

to bear upon the subject under discussion; and a very ridiculous effect is produced by finding a man stop in the middle of an impassioned address to grind off, in a monotonous sing-song, a few verses of some popular ballad. Fancy your Mr. Michie or Mr. O'Shanassy arresting himself in the midst of one of his most stirring orations, and favouring the House with half-a-dozen verses of 'Chevy Chase' or 'John Gilpin,' chanted slowly, and to the air of 'Lucy Neal!'

And a story which exemplifies the high sense of honour among the natives:—

"An old native was calling at his station just previous to last Christmas, and in the course of his visit lamented his having no sugar to entertain his friends at that festive period. The settler told him that he had had dealings with him before, which had been satisfactory, and that he would trust him with a bag of sugar to entertain his friends, and that he might pay him at harvest-time. The old fellow was so overjoyed at this, that when the bag of sugar was brought out he walked round it, studying the beauty of its appearance from different points of view, as Mr. Pecksniff studied Salisbury Cathedral. But in the midst of his exultation his countenance fell; he looked very sorrowful, and, in his own language, said to the settler, 'I cannot take your sugar: my tribe is now engaged in a war with Moana-Nui, in which we may any day all be killed, and then my harvests would never be got in, and you would never be paid.' It was only when the settler said that if such a catastrophe happened, he would go down with his men and reap the wheat himself, that this very scrupulous and single-minded old gentleman could be induced to shoulder the bag of sugar, for which he had so ardently longed, and go on his way rejoicing in the idea that he was provided with the means of affording entertainment to his friends."

For their plainness, good sense, and information these letters are valuable.

The Pyrenees, West and East. By Charles Richard Weld. (Longman & Co.)

THOUGH Mr. Weld be a less audacious adventurer than the members of the Alpine Club, whose aspiring deeds our readers were lately regaled, it does not follow that he is, for that, duller than they. He makes out a very good case for his "beat"—it having been accepted that something lower than Monte Rosa is to content the mountain ramblers. But he has propensities and prejudices, with a particular dislike for the present state of affairs in France. He is incredulous as to the pleasures and privileges of pedestrianism—preferring the four legs of pony or mule to his own two; and a little sceptical as to any real enjoyment to be found on foot. Our propensities and prejudices go dead, or rather alive, against this view of the subject. A pony to some of us is a small evil, and a mule is a great misery; especially for nervous, short-sighted folk. The selective sure-footedness of the quadruped,—its picking of its way, so like stumbling,—its venturing to the very edge of some terrible rock-path, secure in its own sagacity, without any consideration for the feelings of the biped it bears,—are trials to which no use can reconcile some of us. We abide a mule's, we enjoy our own feet. The fatigue, and bodily wear and tear, are pretty nearly equal, we suspect; but after a day's walk, not the first nor the second perhaps, but the third day's walk—how we do sleep, eat, and "inwardly digest"! We would rather far have walked than been carried through the following "bad step," which we extract almost at random, to show how pleasantly Mr. Weld can convert "bad steps" into good pages:—

"On arriving at Loudervielle, the weather had improved so much, that I resolved on riding to Luchon through the Val d'Asto, in order to visit the Lac d'Oo, or Séculéjo. The way to this wild mountain lake lies along a rocky path, carried through the Val d'Arboust, leading to the Val

d'Asto. Having given my pony a feed at Loudervielle, I renewed my ride, but had not proceeded far, when I heard a distant growling among the mountains, and on looking up, saw heavy clouds coming from the west. I pushed on, however, passing through a dark pine forest which groaned as the storm-blast swept through the trees, and up the side of a mountain along which the path is carried in a very unsubstantial manner. The Val d'Asto contracts at its upper end to a mere gorge, lined with frowning precipices, now rendered more gloomy by the impending storm which burst over me. In a few minutes the rivulets became streams, the cascades, rushing cataracts. The tempest increased every moment, the thunder rattled from peak to peak, the dark clouds were rent by forked lightning, the howling wind blew from every point of the compass, and I was amidst the tumult of a terrific mountain storm. To shelter was impossible, as I was on a path with a precipice on one side, and beetling cliffs on the other, so I pushed on for the lake, now not far distant, where I was told I should find a cabin. Presently I saw the lofty waterfall, 800 feet high, streaming down the precipice into the lake, but all the surrounding features were dim and indistinct. I could see, however, that the situation of Lac Séculéjo is very singular, being formed by a curious natural wall, stretching across the upper part of the valley which acts as a dam, and encloses the water flowing down from the precipices surrounding the lake on three sides. So blinding was the rain that I had some difficulty in finding the little cabin which in fine weather is only used for purposes of refreshment for man and beast; but where you can get a shake-down for the night on an emergency. A wild-looking fellow conducted my pony into an adjoining shed, while his wife prepared a little refreshment for me, warm wine and sugar forming a principal feature. Great was their surprise at my having ventured alone on such a day to see the lake, but they were even more astonished when I told them I intended going to Luchon that evening. The man assured me that the weather would not moderate, and that as no rain had fallen for a long time, it was not at all probable that it would cease for some days. This was not a very cheering prophecy, but I was already so moist, that I deemed it better to push on to Luchon than remain at this dreary half-way house. I greatly regretted that I could not climb to the Lac d'Espingo above Lac de Séculéjo, which may be done in about an hour by an active cragsman. I had allowed myself time for this undertaking, but the weather rendered it wholly impracticable. So when I had drunk my hot wine, which was very good, I stood at the door of the hut, looking at the warring elements, and deriving consolation by thinking that the roaring tempest, foaming water, bounding cataracts, and boiling mists were more in keeping with the lake and its wild setting than calm air and a deep blue sky. I gazed for more than an hour on the scene, and then finding that although the thunder had ceased, the rain showed no sign of abating, I mounted again, despite the strong remonstrances of the peasant and his wife, and went down the mountain. In fine weather you can ride from Lac Séculéjo to Luchon in about three hours, and as it was a little after two when I started, I calculated on arriving at my destination between five and six. The storm raged, if possible, with greater fury than ever, and I had soon practical experience that even Cording's waterproofs, which I take to be the best, may fail to keep the rain out. In vain did I wrap mine round me, the blast blew it over my head, and the water, gathering in the folds, fell down my neck in miniature cataracts. Thus baffled in my attempts to keep myself dry, I endeavoured to protect my bag, that I might have a dry change of clothes when I reached Luchon; but this also proved a failure. Meanwhile I rode on in perplexity and gloom, trusting more to my pony for keeping the path, than to my own vision, for I could scarcely distinguish objects three yards off. I reached the small village of St. Avenin in an hour and a half, and here I was at considerable pains to obtain information respecting the path to Cazeau; understanding that the most difficult part of the route lay between these villages. My appearance brought every one to their door, all

staring at the storm-beaten traveller who was now a locomotive waterfall, for my boots were completely water-logged, and the rain ran from my feet in two tiny streams. Such was my condition, when, having proceeded about three quarters of a mile beyond St. Avenin, I was not a little disconcerted on finding that my pony was off the path, at least, there was no sign of a track where he was walking, and I therefore thought it advisable to back my judgment against his instinct. For the guide-book says, that the path between St. Avenin and Cazeau is narrow, and winds along the edges of precipices without the protection of a parapet. Turning back, I peered through the darkness for the lost track, and after long groping, found what I supposed to be the path. Having followed it for some time, I was surprised to find that I was ascending, instead of going down the mountain. How long I should have gone on, or where the track would have led me, I cannot say, for when I had pursued it for about half an hour with a momentarily increasing and by no means pleasant conviction that I was going in a very opposite direction to Luchon, a colossal winged-like figure loomed immediately before me through the mist and rain, which resolved itself into a priest mounted on a mule, enveloped in an ample brown cloth cloak, flapping in the wind. The sight was particularly gratifying, and after mutual greetings, I asked him whether he could put me on the path to Cazeau. 'I am going there,' he answered; 'and will guide you.' This was fortunate, particularly as, had I not met the priest, I should most assuredly have been lost on the mountain, for he told me that the path which I had erroneously taken soon splits into faint tracks, leading only to a few huts scattered on the slopes, which I should in all probability have missed in the gloom. And if it has ever been your fate to lose your way during a storm in an unknown mountain land on the verge of evening, you will appreciate my joy at my good luck on this occasion. The path was too narrow to admit of our riding side by side, so I followed the priest, who assured me that he knew every inch of the mountain. Our attempts to hold converse were very abortive, for although we roared at each other, the storm blew away so many words that we had great difficulty in understanding what was said. I gathered, however, that the priest had been shivering an old shepherd who was lying at the point of death in a cabin on the mountain side. He was proceeding to tell me more, when my pony came to a sudden check, and looking up, I saw the priest's mule had halted on the edge of a precipice. The storm and great obscurity had fairly perplexed his rider, well acquainted as he was with the mountain, for mistaking a ledge for the path, he had gone along it, until it terminated in a precipice, not high, for we could see the base, but sufficiently lofty to make us thankful that we had not gone over it. Backing our mules, we gained the right track, and arrived at Cazeau without further incident. Here we parted, not, however, until the curé had given me a kind invitation to rest at his house for the night; but the road to Luchon was well defined, and I preferred pushing on to that place. Though only a little after seven, it was quite dark when I arrived. I created no little astonishment when I walked into the hall of the Hôtel de Londres, the water streaming from me on all sides, and I half expected to be turned out on the plea that there was no room vacant."

Mr. Weld bears witness, among the first attractions of such tours, to the attractive and salubrious qualities of Arcachon, as a bracing place for the overtired Londoner, ere he starts for the Pyrenees, on pony, mule, or his own two legs. He also gives a certain warrant to that picturesque book, by M. About, 'Maitre Pierre,' concerning the present processes carried on for reclaiming the *Landes* by which the attention of some readers of the *Athenæum* may have been engaged some twelvemonth ago. Then it was hinted that a reality might have been brought into some question by the dishings-up and deckings-out of the novelist. Mr. Weld,

in this pleasant book of summer reading, seems to confirm the suggestion thrown out by the reviewer.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Miriam Copley. By J. C. Jeaffreson. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—Those who begin to read this book will feel a degree of astonishment amounting to stupefaction to find in a work purporting to be an autobiography of the present day, a young girl, not eleven years old, whose daily employment has been, in nursery rhyme—

To wash dishes and serve the swine—

addressing her father, a natural English rural labourer, who had taxed her with being "sulky," as follows:—"Roger Copley," said I, with sedate, measured accent, throwing as much feeling as I could command into my words, "I meant no wrong. I would not grieve you for a single minute, and that you know right well. Surely, though I am small and young—surely, it is as pitiful a thing for me to be tearful and spirit-broken as it would be if I were older than you." * * * Roger Copley, I am your poor little child. Don't treat me harshly. The sows in the swine-yard don't bite at their young till they are old and strong enough to resent it and get out of the way. I am yours—a part of you—you have often told me so. But what my body suffers yours does not feel,—and the pain of my heart too is my own, and not yours."

Most fathers would be surprised at such an apostrophe, but few, even of the "educated section," would be able to reply like Roger Copley:—"Oh! little woman, if ever ye live to be the wife of an honest man, have a consultation with the yet unborn, and make it give you an acknowledgment, writ out on parchment, and duly signed in presence of witnesses, that it yearns for life, bitter and sweet, ere you put your hand to it yourself—ere you put on the sinful earth, and under the light of the weary sun, a creature you can't gather back into nothingness as you called him out of it, and who will perhaps live to feel that you cheated him of bliss when you gave him existence" (!). This beats the utterance of the "virtuous peasant," in the most lofty style of Surrey melodrama, and in no other locality would stand a chance of being thought of. The heroine, however, is one of those of whom the French say "Qu'elle ira loin,"—and our more homely proverb that "Fair and softly go far in a day." A long way she certainly does go, and her long lane has many turnings, all of them entirely wonderful and unexpected. It is as though all the extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune in prose and verse which have been narrated of all the celebrated heroines, from the days of Mrs. Moll Flanders to the time of Mrs. Manning, had been collected and embodied in the experiences of Miriam Copley, with the exception, as we are bound to state, that in the cardinal point of female virtue she conducts herself like "a woman of the strictest principle"—but the seventh is the only one of the commandments that escapes in "her battle of life." After declaiming, as we have heard, like an infant Rachel, she proceeds to overhear one of those remarkable conversations which, in novels and on the stage, serve to reveal circumstances which have been kept secret from the time they were perpetrated, and which never would have been discovered had not the perpetrators taken that particular moment for recapitulating things from the beginning, which, being well known to each other, have no other use than revealing the vital secret of their mutual lives, and causing the listeners to hear something to their advantage. Miriam Copley proceeds to profit by the information, and after running many miles (keeping up with a strong horse!) she assists at a "murderous affray" between poachers and gamekeepers, rifles one of the dead bodies (that of her own father who has been shot before her eyes) of the key of a certain deal box, runs all the way home again, and then goes to bed and sleeps profoundly for hours, "drugged by that matchless opiate bodily fatigue!" All this within the first hundred pages of the first volume! The young lady's pace never slackens. For her share of the night's work, to prevent her revealing what she knows, she is delivered into the hands of a worthy couple

who ill-use her, after every variety of evil fashion ever known since the days of Mrs. Brownrigg. She is kept with a heavy chain to her ankle, which is fastened to the door-post, allowing her the length of its tether to do all the drudgery of the house; she is starved, beaten, fed on refuse which pigs would reject, made to sleep in a garret,—and all this for two years; yet, at the end of that time (after, as she thinks, murdering her mistress), she emerges a miracle of beauty, and her powers of rhetoric stronger than ever. She next falls into the hands of a benevolent lady, by whom she is adopted as half-servant, half-companion, and educated in all branches of polite literature. Although she has always lived in rags, and kept company with pigs, yet she is no sooner washed and dressed for the first time, than she knows how to wear best clothes without greasing them, and to behave in all respects like a well-bred young lady, whose governess has taught her never to put her knife in her mouth. The benevolent young lady has a father—a merry old gentleman—who, having been much given in former days to politely playing with loaded dice and tipt cards, instructs Miriam in all the mysteries of games of chance, and edifies her with personal recollections of all the gambling transactions in high life, including the laws which regulate duelling and other debts of honour. Miriam Copley, being born "with a vocation," treasures all she hears and sees and learns in her heart; and having ended her apprenticeship to life by standing to witness a duel, which she has been too well taught to interrupt, she launches on the world on her own account,—and a very remarkable business she makes of it, as the reader will see if he proceeds with her history. Want of incident and adventure cannot be complained of; the reader's breath is fairly taken away by the coolness with which actions are spoken of, which it is usual to hedge round by deprecating figures of speech; but Miriam Copley is not given to hesitation either in her sayings or doings. With all its faults and glaring absurdities, 'Miriam Copley' is a book to be read through; and few readers, we fancy, will leave it before they come to the end, and there they will part from the heroine in more charity than they have often done from angels, saints and martyrs of women, who have been shining mirrors of female perfection from first to last,—the sad secret of such perverseness of nature being, that 'Miriam Copley' has amused them.

The Wife's Temptation: a Tale of Belgravia. By the Authoress of 'The Sister of Charity.' 2 vols. (Westerton.)—This might just as appropriately have been called a tale of Bedlam as a tale of Belgravia. It is sheer and utter nonsense,—the story rambles on sometimes in fine language and sometimes in finer—but it is always nonsensical. The incidents, like an unruly team of horses, seem disposed to pull in every direction except straight forward. There are histories and mysteries—marriages in high life, marriages made in mistake, and marriages not made at all, but left just ajar, like an ill-closed door. It is in vain to try to follow the thread of the story; it goes off into fragments. There is an ill-used wife, who having been induced to marry a man she does not love, finds the "little aversion" changed by the magic force of the marriage ceremony into the most worshipping devotion, though to heighten the effect ill-usage of every kind is lavished upon her by her husband, but the more he shows himself a scoundrel the more it is made her "wifely duty" to love, honour, obey him, and tell lies about him. If the book were not so utterly foolish, we should have a word to say about its false morality,—but as we do not imagine a rational being would be able to read it on any voluntary principle, we may save ourselves further expenditure of time or trouble upon 'The Wife's Temptation.'

Reuben Sterling: a Tale of Scottish Life. By Samuel Alfred Cox. 3 vols. (Newby.)—There is talent in 'Reuben Sterling,' but not amusement. The story is dull. We have read many worse novels with far greater pleasure. Reuben Sterling stands, we suppose, for the effigy of Robert Burns. The imitation kills the reader's interest; for though the author has talent, he has not talent enough to reproduce the original. There are clever observa-

tions scattered throughout, and much that is good; but 'Reuben Sterling' has the fatal fault of being "a stupid novel."

The Statute Book for England. Collection of Public Statutes relating to the General Law of England, 22 Vict. Session 1. Edited by James Bigg, (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—We have already noticed this work more than once, and in No. 1624 will be found a somewhat minute statement of the plan which the author adopts, and which he thinks will materially lessen that statutory mountain which so sorely vexes and wearies every legal wayfarer. His scheme, in a few words, is to print the statutes in such a manner that any one Act may be removed without making any other Act imperfect, and to reprint those portions of any statute which may be altered or amended, so that statutes that are repealed may be removed from the book; and where an amendment is made, the new leaf with the amendment may be substituted for the old one. Our objection to this plan may be expressed in the words of a remarkably short judgment once delivered by Lord Lyndhurst, "That won't do." We cannot conceive how the statutes can be kept for daily use without being bound—if bound, we do not see how this removal of statutes and substitution of leaves is to be continued. Even if the numbers were kept in their wrappers, we doubt whether the necessary alterations would often be made; for ourselves, we should expect at the end of ten years to find our twenty or thirty numbers of the work with our ten supplements in the same state as published, excepting considerable dilapidations. Another objection which we urged was, that this publication left the mass of legislation before 1847 untouched; but Mr. Bigg, with an amount of valour which should gain him the Victoria Cross at least, is ready to lead a body of clerks to the attack of this great stronghold of verbosity and obscurity. He thinks that in eight years he could complete the Statute Book of England, and that he could extend the work so as to embrace all the existing Public Statutes passed by the Parliaments of England and Great Britain in about three years more. Mr. Bigg has recently been in communication with the Attorney General, and the proposal made to the Crown be set forth more concisely.

own words:—"The proposal first made to Government was 'to edit and publish (without any aid from the public revenue) an edition of 'Existing Statutes relating to the General Law of England,' uniform with 'The Statute Book for England,' provided that the text of the Statutes printed therein were made admissible in evidence. When the extension of the plan of 'The Statute Book for England' to the whole of the public Statutes relating to the United Kingdom was proposed, the Editor expressed his hesitation to undertake the expense of printing the Statutes relating exclusively to Scotland and Ireland, unless some portion of such expense was provided by Government by way of subscription to the work or otherwise: and eventually he submitted a proposal substantially as follows:—That if Her Majesty's Government would subscribe for 1,250 copies of the work, for the use of the Legislature and public offices, a complete edition of all the existing public Statutes relating to Great Britain and Ireland should be edited, printed, and supplied to Government at the rate of 2,400 pages annually: that in consideration of such number of copies being taken, they should be supplied at a reduction of forty per cent. from the publication price: and that no payment should be made to the Editor otherwise than on account of sessions or parts actually completed, and of which 1,250 copies had been delivered to some officer appointed by Government. This proposal was, in effect, that if Her Majesty's Government would, for a period of not exceeding eight years, contribute about 2,350l. per annum towards the expenses of editing and printing an edition of existing public Statutes relating to Great Britain and Ireland, such contribution would decide its publication, and ensure the delivery to their office of 1,250 copies."

That an expurgated edition of the 'Statutes,' such as is here proposed, would be of immense value no one can doubt. Simple-minded men expected that this separation of the living law from the dead, would be effected by the Statute-Law Commissioners; but that learned body is itself dead, and should have been buried some time ago. Mr. Bigg, however, is full of life and vigour; he is evidently deeply interested in his work, and speaks of "reading carefully 61,984 foolscap folio pages of statutes once, in many cases twice, and in the case of the 26,410 pages of existing enactments at least three times," without showing any terror at his undertaking. That such a man might complete this great work is certainly possible, and, as by the

proposal, nothing is to be paid except in respect of work actually done, the country could not lose materially by the experiment. But while we are writing the House of Commons transforms the Attorney General, with whom the editor has been in correspondence, into an ex-Attorney General. Another learned gentleman, who knows not Mr. Bigg, arises, and that sight which is the most agreeable to the gods—a brave man struggling with the Statute Book of England—will not be seen at present. We trust, however, that this matter may receive the attention of the law officers at no distant date. The state of our statutes is as discreditable to this country as ill-kept books to a trader. The Statute-Law Commissioners have failed disgracefully in their attempt to improve it, if, indeed, any serious attempt has been made by them. Mr. Bigg asserts boldly that he can, to a great extent, remedy this evil. He has shown considerable aptitude for the work, and the law advisers of the Crown are bound to give to his proposal their most serious consideration.

On our table lie, second editions of *Popular Tales from the Norse*, by J. B. Dasent (Edmonston & Douglas).—*The Funeral Oration of Hyperides*, by Mr. C. Babington (Deighton & Co.).—*The Angler's Complete Guide*, by R. Blakey (Kent).—*Silbert Wold; or, Cross Purposes: a Tale* (Simpkin).—*England's Future Safety*, by the Rev. H. S. Warleigh (Low & Co.).—*A Guide to the Practical Study of Diseases of the Eye*, by Mr. J. Dixon (Churchill).—*Huteland's Art of Prolonging Life*, edited by Erasmus Wilson (Churchill).—*Dr. Carlie's Manual of Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Mind* (Hall, Virtue & Co.).—*Manual of the Practice of Elections*, by Mr. H. F. Bushby (Benning).—*An English Education: what it means, and how it may be carried out*, by the Rev. G. Iliff (Bell & Daldy).—*Glendallock; and other Poems*, by the late Dr. Drennan, with Additional Verses, by his Sons (Simpkin).—*Dr. Massey's Mild Medicine in Contradistinction to Severe Medicine* (Sanderson).—*The Rev. G. U. Pope's Tamil Hand-Book* (Madras, Hunt).—*The Vulgar Tongue: a Glossary of Slang, &c.*, by Ducange Anglicus (Quaritch).—*Bavardages de Pension* [French Conversations for Schools], by J. D. M. Pearce (Relfe Brothers).—*and Ervedge's Students' Handbook of General Information*, by J. Quested (Relfe Brothers).—*The Co-operative Associations in Paris and the French Republic*, by W. Coningham (Wilson).—Of third editions we have but to announce *A Literal Translation of the Epistles of Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians*, by Herman Heinfetter (Heylin).—*and Sterling's Letters to Coningham*, edited by Mr. Coningham (Wilson).—Fourth editions comprise *The Naval Officer's Manual, for every Grade in Her Majesty's Ships*, by Capt. Glascock (Stanford).—Mr. Charles M. Willich's *Popular Tables*, arranged according to the *Carlisle Table of Mortality* (Longman).—*Studies in English Poetry*, by Mr. J. Payne (Hall, Virtue & Co.).—*and the Rev. J. Booker's Obsolete Scripture Words and Phrases* (Hamilton).—*Whilst Slavery and the Remedy; or, Principles and Suggestions for a Remedial Code*, by S. Nott (Trübner).—*and M. Le Page's French Master for Beginners* (Wilson).—have entered their sixth editions, and M. Louis Viardot's *Souvenirs de Chasse* (Hachette) a seventh edition.—*Dr. Smith's Handy-Book on the Law of Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I. O. U's* (Wilson).—*together with Bible Training: a Manual for Sabbath-School Teachers and Parents*, by D. Stow (Edinburgh, Constable).—have reached the ninth edition, and Mr. M. H. Bloxam's *Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture* (Kent & Co.) a tenth edition.—We need merely recapitulate the titles of the following:—O'Byrne's *Pocket Post-Office Directory for 1859* (O'Byrne Brothers).—*and The Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1859* (Boston, Gould & Lincoln).—*Among recent reprints and translations are a neat volume of Choice Notes from 'Notes and Queries', containing Folk Lore* (Bell & Daldy).—*Gaslight and Daylight, with some London Scenes they Shine upon*, by Mr. G. Augustus Sala (Chapman & Hall).—also from the same publishers Mr. Lascelles Wrexall's translation of the *Memoirs of Robert Houdin*.—From the 'Evangelical Review' Mr.

Gretton's *Vicissitudes of Italy* since the Congress of Vienna (Routledge).—*The Wild Flowers of England*, by the Rev. R. Tyas (Houlston & Wright).—*Choice Garden Flowers, their Cultivation and General Treatment* (Houlston & Wright).—*Lessons on Mind* (J. H. Parker & Sons).—From the 'Field' newspaper Mr. E. V. Harcourt's letters on *Sporting in Algeria* (Hamilton).—*Manual of Etymology for Junior Classes*, Abridged from 'Armstrong's Introduction to Etymology' (Simpkin).—*Flaveliana; or, Selections from the Works of John Flavel* (Edinburgh, Menzies).—*Who Thirsts?* by Adolphe Monod, from the French, by Henry T. Wrenfordale (Allan).—from 'The Geologist' a Chapter on *Fossil Lightning*, by Dr. Gibb, and the Rev. J. B. Brodick's *Lays of the Sabbath* (Booth), from the 'Yorkshire Gazette.'

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ballantyne's Christianity and Hindii Philosophy, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Barbauld, Hymnes on Proux pour les Enfants, new edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d. Bayly's Ragged Home, and how to mend them, cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Bianchi's Incidents in the Life of an Italian, 4to. cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Black's The Pathology of Tuberculous Bone, 8vo. 3s. 6d. s. d. Black's Drill-Book for Volunteer Riflemen, post 8vo. 1s. 6d. Bohn's Chess Series: Bowdler's Johnson, 4th ed. Croker, Vol. 8, 2s. Brightwell's Heroes of the Laboratory & Workshop, illust. 3s. 6d. Brooke's Manners and Customs of the English, cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Burleigh's England's Subjects, 4to. cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. limp. Burke's Gems from Catholic Poets, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Cameron (Col. John), Memoir of, by Clerk, 3rd edit. 4to. 7s. 6d. cl. Candlish's Reason and Revelation, cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Canning and his Times, by Stapleton, 8vo. 16s. cl. Church of England Magazine, Vol. 46, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Cottage Gardener, by Johnson and Hogg, Vol. 31, 4to. 8s. 6d. cl. Epitome Historie Sacre, by Hamilton, 4th edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl. Fouquet's Undine (in German), new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Halm's The Gladiator of Ravenna, trans. by De Verriour, 3s. 6d. Harland's The Hidden Path, new edit. cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl. Hawker's Poor Man's Morning & Evening Portion, n. ed. 3s. 6d. Heale's Treatise on Vital Causes, 8vo. 9s. cl. Herschell's Manual of Scientific Enquiry, 3rd edit. by Main, 8s. 6d. cl. Kavanagh's New English Grammar, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Lang's My Friend's Wife; or, York, You're Wanted, cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Life-Long Story; or, Am I my Sister's Keeper? cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Lingard's History of the Anglo-Norman Church, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. McCarthy's Geography of the British Empire, 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Monnell's Spiritual Songs, 2nd edit. 6s. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl. Northcote's The Roman Catholic Church, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. O'Brien's Little Arthur's Book of Biography, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. Phœdus, Fabius, by Hamilton, new edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. Robertson's Lectures on Ancient and Modern History, 4s. 6d. Run and Read Library: The Schoolgirl in France, 1s. 6d. cl. Scatchell on Emancipation of Cypriotes, Pt. 1, 4th ed. 3s. 6d. Selby's Maxims and Specimens of William Muggins, 2s. 6d. Statistics at Large, Vol. 2, Part 2, 2nd V. cr. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl. Trench's Select Glossary of English Words, 6s. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Turnbull's Curability of Consumption, 3rd edit. 8vo. 8s. 6d. Wade's Selection of Anthems, 4to. 4s. 6d. cl. Westerton's Emily Morton: Tale—Sketches and Essays, 2s. 6d. Wright's The Bow of Faith, 8s. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

London, June 14.

I have been informed by a letter from General von Hedemann that, by the last desire of his uncle, the illustrious Alexander von Humboldt, a sealed paper was placed in his hands, written and addressed to himself by the deceased, earnestly deprecating and protesting against the publication of private letters received from him, and also expressing his decided dislike to any compilation, republication or reproduction of his youthful writings. General von Hedemann, both in his letter to myself and in a printed notice which he has inclosed, manifests a well-founded confidence that the knowledge of the latest wishes of the deceased will be abundantly sufficient to ensure their being held sacred by all.

I believe that I can take no more effectual step in compliance with the request which has been made to me, and in furtherance of the desired object in this country and in its dependencies, than by asking you to do me the favour of inserting the present communication in the *Athenæum*, together with General von Hedemann's printed notice.

EDWARD SABINE.

Als letzter Wille, als Wunsch und Bitte Alexanders von Humboldt ist dem Unterzeichneten, seinem Neffen, ein an ihn persönlich gerichtetes versiegeltes Schreiben des Dahingeschiedenen nach dessen Tode eingehändigt worden, welches die Aufschrift führt: "Bitte um Verwahrung (Protestation) gegen Veröffentlichung vertrauter Briefe" und welches beim Eintreten von Versuchen zu solchen Veröffentlichungen zur weiteren Kenntnis der den Todten schützenden Zeitgenossen gebracht werden sollte.

Auch in Betreff der Wiederholung seiner Jugendschriften wünscht der Abgeschiedene ausdrücklich, dass sein Missfallen daran auf das Bestimmteste ausgesprochen werde. Er sagt: "Ich habe gegen die unerföhrlichen Compilationen

mich schon im Eingange meiner Kleinen Schriften Th. I. erklärt, ja die Kleinen Schriften sind aus solcher Besorgnis entstanden."

Rücksichten im Sinne des Hingeschiedenen lassen es bis heute nicht nöthig erscheinen, das Schreiben der Offenlichkeit zu übergeben. Es scheint mir zu genügen, wenn ich die Zeitgenossen hierdurch von seinem Willen in Kenntnis setze und sie um wohlwollende Berücksichtigung des billigen Wunsches ersuch.

VON HEDEMANN, General der Kavallerie a. D.
Schloss Tegel, den 26. Mai 1859.

FLINT IMPLEMENTS IN THE DRIFT.

Brompton, June 11.

I was present somewhat more than a fortnight ago at a meeting of the Royal Society, at which Mr. Prestwich gave an account of the discovery of flint implements, supposed to have been chipped into form by the hands of man, found in undisturbed beds of gravel, sand, and clay, called by geologists drift; and I have to-day read in your columns the report of Mr. Evans's paper on the same subject, read to the Society of Antiquaries on the 2nd of June. I was accidentally prevented from being present at the Society of Antiquaries, or I should certainly have ventured some remarks upon the subject. It appears to me that some of our geologists and antiquaries are coming rather hastily to conclusions on this and some similar subjects which have been broached of late. In the first place, in this question of the flint implements found in drift, a strong probability appears to me to exist against the conclusions at which Mr. Prestwich and Mr. Evans seem to have arrived, a probability which, I think, ought to have considerable weight. The quantity of these implements which are found—two or three hundred in one gravel-pit, with an intimation that they occur similarly through the whole drift formation, seems to me to be quite enough to make us hesitate. If we receive them as made by the hands of man, we must suppose that at this extremely remote period the surface of the globe was covered with human beings, who spent all their lives in chipping flints into the rude forms of weapons, and throwing them about. I examined the specimens exhibited at the Royal Society, and was certainly much puzzled with them; but I remarked that those which there was good evidence had been really found in the gravel presented forms not common among the flint implements ascribed usually to the Celtic period, with a total absence of anything of what we call finish, which might have been produced naturally by a violent and continued gyratory motion,—perhaps in water, in which they were liable to be struck by other bodies in the same movement. My belief certainly is, that these so-called flint implements are not the work of man's hands.

I think confusion is thrown upon the subject by comparing these chipped flints found in the gravel with the flint implements found with human remains and the bones of extinct animals in the caves, with which they have really no relation, and which are accounted for without any difficulty. They were well explained by one of the speakers at the Royal Society. Agencies have, no doubt, been at work, both during and since the geological period, of which we are ignorant, and we should be careful in assuming from this want of knowledge the absence of the agency. I am satisfied that we must not take the depth at which certain objects, such as canoes, and other things, are found, as a certain proof of their relative antiquity. Two or three years ago pottery and some metal implements were found, I believe, in the neighbourhood of Leeds, in Yorkshire, in, I think, either gravel or clay, at a depth of something like twenty feet (I am speaking from memory), and there seemed to be good evidence that these objects were found in a geological formation of remote antiquity, and that they were not adventitious. The pottery was Anglo-Saxon, I should judge, not older than the ninth century, and the metal implements were of iron, and were probably not older than the pottery.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

-FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, June 1859.

THE second of the Turin solemnities, which I mentioned in my last letter as a good example of

Days following one another,
Each one unlike its brother,

was dissimilar from the preceding one, even in the weather. The morning of Sunday, the 29th of May, was far more English than Italian. Great masses of many-tinted clouds came heaving up the Leghorn way, with watery peeps of sunshine and fitful scuds of rain, dashing across the sky before a restless wind, which anguished ill for the bright new tri-coloured banners, embroidered by fair hands, which awaited their solemn blessing before being committed to the Tuscan troops on their way to the frontiers.

On the previous evening a large body, several thousands strong, of French soldiers, making part of Prince Napoleon's division, had arrived and encamped on the great *prato* of the Cascine, where so many of our compatriots may remember to have spent pleasant days at the Florence races. Towards the further end of this beautiful race-ground, framed in on one side by fine old trees, and on the other by the wavy foldings of the Apennines, putting on Alpine airs of height and mystery by folding themselves in grey swathes of rainy cloud, stood long double rows of tents, groups of cavalry horses and forage, and plenty of the cumbrous *entourage* of a marching army, which gave a strange air of warlike business to the more theatrical accessories of the scene. In front of the camp was erected a lofty temple, with a gorgeously-arrayed altar in the midst, and all round it stood tall trophies of arms and banners, mixed with rich hangings, and even more than the usual wealth of flowers, besides two colossal busts of the French Emperor and King Victor Emmanuel.

At ten o'clock all the Tuscan troops yet remaining in Florence were drawn up in line, as well as the newly-arrived French, the generals, staff, and metropolitan clergy, in full pontificals, the municipal body, the members of the Government and an immense concourse of eager spectators, waving, of course, with thousands of tri-coloured banners, French and Italian. Then mass was said by the Archbishop of Florence, the benediction pronounced, and the banners delivered over to the respective colonels of the different regiments, amid cannon salvos, bursts of musketry, and prolonged shouts of applause. After this, the Archbishop uttered a short pastoral address to the assembled officers, exhorting them, and, through them, the soldiery, to religious faith and fear, if they would be rewarded with victory by the God of Battles. The address smacks not a little of the eager desire of Holy Church to edge in her word into the terrible question at issue; and at its close Monsignore presented the troops with—I forget how many thousand—little medals, to act, I suppose, as talismans in the coming hour of danger.

These medals, of which I have one now before me, value some unknown fraction of a farthing, bears, on one side, the image of the Virgin, with the motto, "*Maria concepta senza colpa*" (Mary conceived without sin), and on the other, the words, "*Dogma definito dalla Chiesa, Pio Nono, Dicembre, 1854*" (a dogma ordained by the Church, Pius the Ninth, December, 1854). As poor a defence, one should think, against the prevalent lack of faith in the youth of Italy as against the power of Austrian bullets.

After this postscript to the ceremony, with great clashing of bands, and prancing of troops, and waving of banners, the crowds drew off to the city, which, as on the previous day, was literally draped, through its length and breadth, with the tri-colours of the allied forces.

The day remained blustering and rainy; but, in the late afternoon, the wind fell suddenly, leaving huge heaps of heavy cloud stranded about the sky, and a broad expanse of pale glory spanning the unveiled west. So it was when I drove into the Cascine, about 6 o'clock, amid the gaily-dressed, gaily-gossiping thousands thronging out of *Porta a Prato*, and down the new Lung' Arno, to have a good, long, comfortable stare at the French soldiers. Arrived at the *prato*, the scene was as striking as

it was attractive. While standing in the principal avenue, looking towards the camp, *Monte Morello* and his Apennine brethren lay full in front, clothed, by the late spring rains, in an unusual tint of deep, soft, bloomy green, and leaning back against a thunderous-looking pile of purple dun clouds, which towered up into mid air, and stretched away behind the city to the Vallombrosan hills, in grand broad sweeps of lurid violet and red gray. Over the near mountains, there shifted an indescribable beauty of lights and shades. At their feet lay the often-described pearly scattering of villas, backed by trees and crested, here and there, with towers. In the foreground spread a maze of tents—white, gray, and yellowish—touched here and there with sunshine, mingled with groups of soldiers, standing, lying, cooking, cleaning horses, eating, drinking, and dressing, among the gay-coloured crowds and carriages which circulated through the rows of tents, while the camp-fires sent up their curls of pale-blue wood smoke against the background of dark hills, and children laughed and shouted, and refreshment-vendors screamed their wares, and, a little further down, a military band was clanging out the new national hymn, in which the people are wont to join, with admirable precision of time and tune, to the sharp-cadened refrain of "*La Guerra!*"

Such was the picture seen from a little distance. When mingling with the crowd on the *prato* itself, many a minor episode came into view which would have supplied a Florentine Cruikshank with excellent jottings. Here was a just-arrived straggler, with weary sun-baked face, bare breast, and shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, deliberately washing head and neck with water supped up and spirted from his mouth into his two hot hands. Around him, looking on admiringly at this very novel style of toilette, taking in every circumstance with wide eyes and mouths a-jar, stood a circle of well-dressed townfolk, contemplating the performance with unwinning gravity; while the hero in the middle appeared as utterly unconscious of the effect he was producing on the spectators, or of their very existence, as of that of the trees behind them. A little further on, a couple of velvet-jacketed *contadini* were leading about a *Chasseur de Vincennes*, his long furred white pelisse giving him a sort of Equimaux air. Either arm of the poor Frenchman was firmly linked in one of those of his laughing, chattering conductors, bent on doing their country's honours to any extent, and to that end shouting at the top of their voices to make the bewildered victim understand their rapidly slurred Tuscan, and doubtless carrying him off in triumph to bemuddle his tired brains yet more thoroughly with a potation of rough strong Chianti wine.

In one place I saw a sergeant, a solemn-looking individual past his first youth, sitting astride a bundle of hay in the centre of at least fifty deeply attentive Florentines, with wives and daughters *en suite*. His face covered to the eyes with lather, all but the long bushy moustache, undergoing the manipulations of a barber, who laughed and looked over his shoulder every minute at the crowd, while the patient himself remained as grave and self-concentrated as ever he stood in presence of his commanding officer.

The comfortable looking soup-kettles; the fires blazing under them so cheerily in little shallow trenches with round holes at the end of them; the soldiers chopping firewood, cleaning guns, and carrying huge joints of beef slung upon poles, were all objects of intense examination to the Florentines, who are proverbially as curious as magpies. There was a touch of prettiness, and grace too, in the rosy little Italian boy with long dark hair and great hazel eyes, a child about six years old of the middle class, who was wandering among the French soldiers, his little hands crammed with cigars, and smiling up in their astonished faces as he gave one to each of the poor tired fellows he met, while his parents, no doubt, looked on delighted from one of the neighbouring groups at this proof of the *bimbo's* precocious talent. Indeed, the gift of cigars to the newly-arrived troops seems to be a favourite way of showing their welcome here, a sort of calumet of peace. A party of young gentlemen, one of whom I know, got up a little subscription for the

purpose, and with the proceeds were able to bring down a *barocco* or truck-load of cigars to the camp, to the great delight of both givers and receivers.

A large number of Tuscan soldiers were scattered among the crowd or engaged in welcoming their allies, and I could not help noticing the preponderance of good looks on the side of the Cisalpine race over their French brethren in arms. Even after making all allowance for the effects of heat and fatigue on the latter, I was greatly struck then, and have been so often since in streets and churches, and wherever a comparison could be drawn, by the great numbers of really handsome faces—picturesque in colouring and regular in feature—and the well-knit, graceful figures which it seemed to me I had never duly estimated before in the Tuscan ranks. Equally remarkable was the very general lack of these outward advantages in the French soldiery. Indeed, our home-bred warriors seemed to me on that first evening very like a band of Apollos or Antinouses, both in face and figure. May their soldierly qualities of resistance and endurance prove only equal to those of their less "*appearing*" allies when put, as they soon may be, to the proof, side by side!

Another point of comparison between the two races forced itself on my observation that evening, vastly more important than the chiselling of a nostril or the fall of a pair of shoulders. In all the years I have lived in Tuscany I have not seen a drunken soldier,—hardly ever a drunken man,—never a drunken woman. Probably at the end of as many more years I might have to repeat the same testimony to the sobriety of this people. In one hour's drive on that Sunday evening I met three French soldiers so far gone in intoxication as to be scarcely able to reel along the road, in manifest peril of their limbs from every passing carriage. Similar sights may now be seen any day in Florence, and are, perhaps, in part attributable to our Tuscan wines being far stronger than the thin piquette, which the good-humoured, and in all else most orderly, Frenchmen are used to in their own country. Perhaps, too, something should be set down to the score of extraordinary temptations to excess in these first days of enthusiastic fraternization.

All this while contributions for the war are flowing in as rapidly and freely as ever—"from abject fear of consequences," say the *Codini*, at their wit's end to find some unworthy source to which they may attribute their profuseness. Many well-to-do families give so much a month as long as the war lasts. Great numbers of *impiegati* in public offices, whose entire salaries would seem to English ears little better than "genteel" starvation, give up the pay of several days in each month to help the cause. It is cheering to see also that a feeling of patriotism is fast spreading among the secular clergy here. Not many days since, a *Codina* of triple-piled retrogradism (a countrywoman, alas! of my own) was heard pathetically lamenting over this growing apostasy in the Church, and saying, though herself a Protestant, "Italy has no Hope but in her priests, and now they too are beginning to fall off. Why, I positively am assured that a Canonico, having nothing else to contribute, has given his gold watch and chain to the Committee for these abominable volunteers!" All honour to her reverence therefor, if the story be true! Great reforms are confidently expected here in Church matters from our new and most competent minister for Ecclesiastical affairs, Cavaliere Vincenzo Salvagnoli. So that in this primary branch of Italian liberation, too, little Tuscany will, it is to be hoped, take the lead of all the Italian States, except her elder sister, Piedmont. The new Minister's reputation for talent, sagacity and steady liberalism is not confined to his own country. It was first on the title-page of a little work from his pen, which was noticed by English journals a few months back, that the stirring words *Indipendenza d'Italia*, not uttered above the breath for ten years before, were read with wonder and joy by the Tuscan liberals, while three parts of the Peninsula seemed yet fast asleep. Signor Salvagnoli, though a Catholic, is among the foremost of those who regard the restriction of Papal temporal power as a *sine quâ non* in the salvation of Italy. The

Italian Evangelical Church party, whose doctrines are near akin to those of Protestantism, and whose numbers and influence are daily increasing, look to him hopefully for the fulfilment of their highest aspirations, and all classes of liberals count, with good reason, on his introducing here a series of reforms, grounded on universal toleration, which will go further to lead Italy in the way she should go than even the entrance of the allies into Milan, on which event our Florentines are eagerly exchanging congratulatory hand-squeezes at this moment.

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Sir E. B. Lytton, while Secretary of State for the Colonies, requested the Council of the Royal Society to favour him with any scheme or suggestions with reference to the preparation and publication of works descriptive of the zoology, botany, and geology of the British Colonial Empire. In accordance with this request, the Council has forwarded a report to the Colonial Office, embodying various suggestions, and adding a strong recommendation that the scheme should also comprehend researches in Terrestrial Physics.

A Fellow of the Royal Society, who has earned, by good deeds, a right to use free words, asks us to insert some explanations on the proposed Scientific Fund. We do so willingly. On one point, however, the Fellow is slightly in the wrong, as a reference to the charter of the Literary Fund will show him. The sphere of the Literary Fund does cover the field of scientific inquiry; so far as a man of science has established, by his labours and studies, a claim to be considered a "person of learning and genius," so far he has made good his right to participate in the advantages of the Fund:—

"June 14.

"In the last number of the *Athenæum*, you allude to 'a new Fund in progress of creation,' and you state 'that the neglect of the Literary Fund justifies the action of the Royal Society.' Permit me, as one of the original promoters of the proposed Scientific Relief Fund, to assure the subscribers to the Literary Fund that it is far from our intention, in any way, to interfere with that charity, although it has, as I am informed, under some peculiar circumstances, afforded relief to scientific men, who could not have had any claim on literary grounds; and thus the Committee may possibly, through its liberality, have incurred the risk of being accused of appropriating the funds placed at its disposal in a manner foreign to the intention of the subscribers. This, it is hoped, may, in future, be obviated; but the peculiar feature of the proposed scheme (a copy of which I inclose) is, that not only does it insure the appropriation of every shilling of the income, without any deduction for collection or management, but, what is more important, every recommendation for relief must necessarily emanate from those who, by their position, are best qualified to form a correct opinion as to the claims and merits of the applicants. The Council of the Royal Society accepting the trust, and the charter making it indispensable that every act of the Council shall be recorded in the minutes, combined with the fact, that these minutes are, after confirmation, open to the inspection of every Fellow of the Society, render all misappropriations of the fund totally impracticable. Although I believe it is not the intention of the promoters to parade any list of the subscribers by publication, the names of the eminent men who have already, in so liberal manner, indicated their intention of supporting the Fund, are open to the inspection of every Fellow of the Royal Society, at Burlington House, or to the subscribers, at Sir John W. Lubbock & Co., bankers, in the City. F. R. S."

—We have taken the liberty of pointing out two very pregnant passages in this note by the use of italic letters. To arrive at some such result as this in the case of the Literary Fund has been the prompting hope of every reformer, since the day on which that Society, departing from the purposes of the founder, in fact and in spirit, made reform a necessity. David Williams believed that his institution would work itself free of charge; and we repeat once more our conviction, that, had the Committee of the Literary Fund done their duty, no

occasion ought ever to have arisen for the separate action of the Royal Society.

One of the last acts of Lord Salisbury, as Lord President of the Council, was to name a Commission of Inquiry on the influence of gas on pictures and works of Art. This Commission consists of Profs. Faraday, Hofmann, and Tyndall, with Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Capt. Fowke, R.E. We cannot doubt for a moment the result of their inquiry; and, with the Liberal Lord Granville at the head of the Council, the public ought to reckon with certainty on gaining what they want—free access to their own estate in their only "hours of ease."

The General Meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society will be held to-day (Saturday), but in the evening instead of the morning. T. W. Atkinson, Esq., will deliver a Lecture in illustration of his Journeys in the Steppes of Central Asia, with an account of the Manners and Customs of the Tribes inhabiting that Region. The chair will be taken by the President at half-past eight precisely.

Our obituary for the week includes two names—Samuel Cook, a Member of the New Water-Colour Society, and Jacob Bell, a lover and collector of pictures.

Mr. E. Nicholas, "Student in Medicine and Undergraduate of the University of London," writes, with the address, Windsor, June 15.—"In your issue of last week you ask the question, 'Who is Mr. Liggins?' 'Has any one seen him in the flesh?' I am, I believe, the only male relative Mr. Liggins has in England, and therefore reply to your queries. Mr. Liggins is an elderly gentleman, residing near Nuneham, in Warwickshire. He was fifteen years ago in possession of large property, but debts incurred while at Cambridge (as I have understood) swallowed up nearly the whole of it, and left him but a small part of what he once held. He lives a solitary bachelor's life, though still on intimate terms with many of the neighbouring clergy and gentry. That he is utterly incapable of asserting what is not the truth I firmly believe, and can only regret that 'S. G. O.' could find no more worthy employment for his pen than to injure the fair fame of a highly honourable man. Mr. Liggins is too well known and too highly respected in his own neighbourhood to care what may be said about him by such scribblers as 'S. G. O.'; but it must be a source of considerable annoyance to Mr. Liggins's friends to see his name bandied about from one journal to another, and all to satisfy the morbid curiosity of a few individuals. Whether or not Mr. Liggins wrote 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'Adam Bede' I am unable to say, but the story of 'Amos Barton' is just such a story as he could write, and there are names, characters, and scenes in it which I recognize as belonging to the district. I trust you will deem this sufficient information where none has any right to be demanded."—This explanation does not help us much.

The following note concerns those who are interested in the history of the Royal Society:—

"Hillington Hall, King's Lynn, June 13.

"I have only just seen the article in your paper of March the 12th, respecting the manuscript volumes of my late great-uncle, Martin Folkes, which have been purchased for the Royal Society. I have in my possession ten volumes which formerly belonged to Sir Richard Etenson, at whose death they became the property of his sister, Mrs. Betenson. She bequeathed them to Mr. Rishton, the grandson of Martin Folkes, who left them by will to a gentleman, who presented them to me, as the only male representative of the family. I have no means of discovering in what way these two parcels of books became separated, nor how those in the possession of the Royal Society became the property of Mr. Caldeburgh. It is quite true that Mr. Folkes desired all his manuscripts to be destroyed.

"I am, &c., WM. BROWNE FOLKES."

A communication has been received by the Royal Society from the French Government, stating that M. Delamarche has been appointed to succeed Capt. Legras as French Superintendent of the Meteorological Observations, under the regulations agreed to by the Conference at Brussels in 1857.

An energetic attempt is being made to establish a conservatory at Boston, U.S., which shall contain a collection of objects illustrative of Art and Science. A journal has been founded to promote the purposes of the proposed institution.

M. Lecoq, of Clermont, who has distinguished himself by his botanical researches in Auvergne, has been elected a corresponding member in the Botanical Section of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

A scientific institution has been lately organized by the Brazilian Government for a general territorial, economic, and scientific survey of that empire.

The Rev. Mr. Jephson very satisfactorily disposes of the charge of unacknowledged appropriation preferred against him by a Correspondent last week:—

"Hutton Parsonage, June 15.

"My attention has been drawn to a letter from Mr. John Brent, jun., in last week's *Athenæum*, which calls for a reply from me. The writer premises that he has not read my 'Narrative of a Walking Tour in Brittany,' but, judging from your review of it, he hints a suspicion that I have 'omitted to acknowledge the sources from whence' I have 'derived a considerable portion of' my 'information.' Had he read the book, as he ought to have done before even hinting such a charge, he would have found that I have amply acknowledged my obligations to former writers on Breton customs, and especially to M. de La Villemarqué's 'Barzaz Breiz,' to which he refers. He would have seen, that in the passage quoted from my book by your reviewer, and upon which he founds his surmise of plagiarism on my part, I have interrupted the narrative of my personal experiences for the purpose of giving a general description of the customs and legends of Cornouaille; and that, two pages further on, at the end of this digression, I refer the reader to M. de La Villemarqué. In the very next chapter he would have found that I have taken advantage of the opportunity afforded me by passing M. de La Villemarqué's house to make the following general acknowledgment of my literary obligation to him:—'Soon after quitting Quimperlé, I observed a château to the left of the road, standing in the midst of grounds prettily laid out somewhat in the English style, and neatly kept. On inquiry, I learned that it belonged to M. de La Villemarqué, the Walter Scott of Breton ballad poetry. I felt inclined to walk up the avenue to thank the author of the 'Barzaz Breiz,' in person, for the pleasure I had received from his noble work. If I mistake not, it was he who first drew the attention of the public to Brittany and its interesting people. * * Those who wish to know anything about Brittany will find the 'Barzaz Breiz' a far better guide than any mere description. Since the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' was published, we have seen no such collection of national song.' This does not look like 'omitting to acknowledge the sources from whence' I have 'derived' my 'information.' Had I intended to commit literary larceny,—had the *aninus furandi* been present in my mind, I would never have thus directed the literary police to the very spot where they could at once identify the stolen property. But the fact is, that Mr. Brent has evidently mistaken my general description of Kernowite manners—a description drawn from acknowledged sources—for the particular relation of a scene which had come under my personal observation.

"I am, &c. J. MOUNTNEY JEPHSON."

Among the numerous poems which a false patriotism has called forth in Germany, the voice of King Ludwig of Bavaria has been heard again. He considers himself as happy in having lived to see the time when Germans call out unanimously to fight against the French; whereas, in the time of the first French Emperor, Bavarians and other German troops fought under the French banner. So far, the royal minstrel is right enough; but his verses have not improved since the days when Heine poured out the flood of his sarcasm over them.

We hear from Brussels that the Exhibition of the Cartoons for Monumental Paintings, by German artists, will be opened in the rooms of the Ducal Palace in the course of this month. There is a sort

of excitement among the Belgian artists and Art lovers. If all the artists keep their promises, Cartoons will be sent by Herren Bendemann, Peter von Cornelius, Fay of Düsseldorf, Julius Hübner of Dresden, W. von Kaulbach, Lessing of Karlsruhe, Preller of Weimar, Alfred Rethel, Schirmer of Karlsruhe, Schnorr of Munich, Steidle, M. von Schwind, Wislicenus of Weimar, Schrandolph of Munich, and Hiero von Holtorp of Paris.

The colossal bust of the late Prof. Lichtenstein, executed in Carrara marble by Herr Wolff, has just been erected in the Zoological Garden at Berlin, which owes its existence to him.

On the 7th of July, the birthday of the late Emperor Nicholas, the solemn uncovering of the monument erected to his memory will take place at St. Petersburg. It is an equestrian statue, representing the Emperor in the uniform of his first regiment, the silver double eagle on his helmet. The sculptor is Baron von Clodt.

Herr Hackländer, from Stuttgart, the popular author, has received a telegraphic despatch from the Austrian Emperor, at Verona, to come into the Austrian head-quarters in order to revise the official reports of "battles" and "victories." Herr Hackländer accompanied the Austrian army in 1848, in the same capacity; his description then of the battle at Novara, it seems, brought him among other distinctions a *kiss* from the late old Field-Marshal Radetzky, which inspired him with the following rhetorical curiosity in his book on the Italian Campaign: "Three kisses there are by which the human being is blest; the first is that which the mother presses on the new-born infant's head; the second that which the newly wedded bride bestows on your lips; the third that with which love or friendship closes your eyes, when your career on earth is ended; but I, more blest than other mortals, have to boast of the fourth kiss of bliss, that of 'father Radetzky!'"

Mr. Virtue claims a right to answer Dr. Barclay—a claim which we cannot contest.—

"25, Paternoster Row, June 15.

"Dr. Barclay so flatly contradicts my charge of entire plagiarism from Mr. Bartlett that I think I may ask you again to indorse my statement on your own knowledge, and assert that his plates are absolute copies of Bartlett, and not in any way taken from photographs, sketches, or any other source. But Dr. Barclay knows that they are copies from Bartlett, for in some copies of his book we find Bartlett's name as the artist, and in others the same plates are marked 'from a photograph.' Now, why put Bartlett's name at all, if they were not copied from his plates? Dr. Barclay in denying the charge of piracy contradicts his own book. Again, respecting the cuts, Dr. Barclay, in his letter to you, states that 'thirty-two are entirely original,' and in his Preface, p. xvii, 'the pictorial illustrations are almost entirely original'; and yet the publishers in their Preface tell the reader that, of the woodcuts, twenty-eight are from transfers, and seventeen original. (By-the-by, even of the seventeen original, that on p. 603 is a reduced copy of one of Bartlett's large plates.) Who are we to believe? I make no assertion, but simply point out the various statements in Dr. Barclay's own book. It is quite true that Mr. Bartlett was greatly indebted to Dr. Barclay for much kindness and assistance during his last visit to Jerusalem, and his obligations to Dr. Barclay and his daughter are fully acknowledged in his Preface to 'Jerusalem Revisited,' and repeatedly in the text. But this does not justify the Doctor in copying Bartlett's view, even of his own house, and calling it 'from a photograph,' while six of the plagiarisms of which I complained, viz., two steel plates, each described as 'from a photograph' and four woodcuts, are all slavish copies from Bartlett's book, published in 1844 from drawings taken in 1842, many years, I believe, before Dr. Barclay ever went to Jerusalem. None of the illustrations I have ever specified as piracies are those so kindly furnished to Mr. Bartlett by Miss Barclay. I have nothing to say respecting Dr. Barclay's portrait, or how it got into the book: my note related to the originality of the illustrations, and I specially said that I believed the portrait and chromographs to be original. I think that the Rev. Mr. Williams

might very strongly support me by stating his opinion of the worthy Doctor's original illustrations, as I hear that he is not pleased at Dr. Barclay's appropriations. Apologizing for occupying your space and time, and hoping that I may not trouble you again on the subject,

"I am, &c., GEORGE H. VIRTUE."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the Royal Academy is NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight till Seven o'clock), One Shilling. Catalogue, 1s. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE NICOLI, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Six.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily from Nine till Six.—Admission, 1s; Season Tickets, 5s. JAMES FAHEY, Secy.

THE DERBY DAY, by W. P. FRITH, R.A., is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 58, New Bond Street. Open from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Admission, One Shilling.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 129, Pall Mall.—The SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN. Also in the same building, the Works of DAVID COX.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 6d. From Ten till Five.

HERR CARL WERNER announces that the FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of his Pictures, in Water-Colours, is NOW OPEN, at his Atelier, No. 49, Pall Mall, where he will be happy to receive those Visitors who may favour him with a call, between the hours of half-past Two and six o'clock. 49, Pall Mall, June 9, 1859.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Patron, H.R.H. the PRINCE CONSORT.—Open daily as usual, from Twelve to Five; Evening, from Seven to Ten.

ROYAL COLLOSSEUM.—OPEN DAILY.—The magnificent Exhibitions at this Unrivalled Institution, for which, until the present management, the sum of 4s. 6d. was demanded as the entrance fee, are now, with the Varied Novelties for the Present Season, consisting of Musical Entertainments, Diving Views, Magic and Mystery, Marvels of Clairvoyance, the gigantic and beautiful Dioramas of Paris, Lisbon, and London, &c., to be seen any Morning, from Twelve to Five; Evening, Seven to half-past Ten, for One Shilling; Children under 10 years, Sixpence.

DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, top of the Haymarket (open for Gentlemen only).—Dr. Kahn will deliver Lectures daily, at Three and half-past Eight, at his unrivalled and original Museum, on important and interesting topics in connexion with Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology (vide Programme). Admission, 1s.—Dr. Kahn's Lectures, &c., free by post for twelve stamps, direct from the Author, 17, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

MADAME CAPLIN'S ANATOMICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL GALLERY (for Ladies only), OPEN DAILY, 58, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. Lectures on Wednesdays by Madame Caplin, commencing at 5 o'clock.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE, 369, OXFORD STREET, nearly opposite the Princess Theatre.—This splendid Institution is now complete, and OPEN DAILY, for GENTLEMEN ONLY, from Eleven A.M. till Ten P.M. Popular Lectures take place six times every day, illustrated by Scientific Apparatus, and the most superb Collection of Anatomical Specimens and Models in the world: also extraordinary natural and artificial Dissections.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, Free.—"A really splendid collection."

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—June 9.—Sir B. Brodie, Bart., President, in the chair.—The annual election of Fellows was held.—The President congratulated the Society on the great number and importance of the papers communicated to the Society during the past session.—Two scrutators having been appointed to assist the secretaries in examining the lists, the votes of the Fellows present were collected, and the following gentlemen were declared duly elected:—S. H. Beckles, F.C. Calvert, H. J. Carter, D. Galton, W. B. Herapath, M.D., G. M. Humphry, T. S. Hunt, J. D. Macdonald, W. Odling, R. Patterson, J. Penn, Sir R. Schomburgk, T. Watson, M.D., B. Woodcroft, Lieut.-Col. W. Yolland, R.E.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—June 13.—The Earl of Ripon, President, in the chair.—Lieut. Gen. P. De la Motte, C.B., Capt. R. F. Burton, Capt. W. F. Tytler, Prof. Hind (of Canada), J. F. Bateman, C.E., A. B. Dickinson, C. Hellmann, H. Johnson, C. Kennard, D. A. Lange, W. D. Leslie, F. B. Montgomerie, W. Moon, S. W. Silver, and E. W. Stafford, Esqs., were elected Fellows.—The papers read were by Capt. R. F. Burton, and Capt. J. H. Speke, 'On Explorations in Eastern Africa.' A general résumé of the proceedings of the Expedition having been given, the subject was divided under

three heads—first, in explanation of the map of the country between Zanzibar and Lake Tanganyika, in the interior; secondly, description of the lake itself; and thirdly, the discovery of the Lake Nyanzi, or the sources of the Nile.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 9.—O. Morgan, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The Rev. S. W. King was elected a Fellow.—Mr. Cole exhibited a deed with the signature of Robert Catesby, the Gunpowder Plot Conspirator.—Mr. Nightingale, some Anglo-Saxon relics, found in Kent.—Mr. S. Stone, an oval-pointed Seal found near Yelford.—Mr. J. Williams, a flint arrow-head.—The Rev. J. Bagge, a photograph of an urn, found at Crux Easton, near Newbury.—Mrs. M. A. Everett Green communicated, through Mr. Bruce, V.P., transcripts of petitions to Charles the Second from Mrs. Cromwell, widow of the Protector, and his son Henry Cromwell.—Mr. Hart read 'Observations on Sepulchral Brasses in Low Leigh Church.'—Mr. G. R. Corner communicated some particulars relating to Recorder Fleetwood.—Mr. Howard exhibited deeds relating to Maxstoe Castle, on which remarks were read by York Herald. Mr. B. B. Woodward contributed rubbings of mortuary inscriptions in Winchester Cathedral, on which he read observations.—The Society adjourned over the vacation to Nov. 17.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—June 9.—J. G. Teed, Esq., Q.C., in the chair.—Mr. A. White gave an interesting account of Lions in connexion with ancient sculpture, and with especial reference to the magnificent representations of the lion-hunts, as preserved on the slabs recently procured from Nineveh. He pointed out the wonderful truth to nature with which the sculptor employed by the last king but one of that city, Ashur-ban-pal, had worked, and illustrated his views by a description of numerous diagrams which he had had drawn. Mr. White, as a naturalist, considered that we have had no representation of wild animals so faithfully rendered as on these Assyrian monuments.—Mr. Thomas Wright gave some additional particulars relative to the excavations at Wroxeter during the last month, the principal of which were, the discovery of a large court, about 40 feet square, in evident connexion with the great mansion previously excavated. This court was apparently surrounded by a series of smaller buildings, many small rooms having been found opening into it, and floored with brick laid *herring-bone fashion*. On one spot Mr. Wright has met with a weight in lead marked II., and weighing 2 oz.; in another, one marked I., and weighing 1 lb. In one room there was a large quantity of unused charcoal; near this, a quantity of the bones of animals, stag's horns, &c., some of the latter had been clearly prepared for use. In another part, a room was found which had been approached by a slope paved with flag-stones. Beyond this, again, was another and smaller court, similarly paved. These buildings had manifestly been connected with the main structure, a quantity of tessellated pavement having been discovered, much, however, ruined. Everywhere, there were abundant remains of human bodies, probably of those who fell when the city was sacked, together with quantities of bone, hair-pins, and of other female ornaments. Some handles of vessels in block tin were also met with—a discovery hitherto unique.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—June 8.—T. J. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair.—Swinys Jervis, Esq., J. C. Pawle, Esq., Rev. C. T. Wyaht, H. S. Mitchell, Esq., C. Carter, Esq., H. T. W. Davies, Esq., and J. Scott, Esq., were elected Associates.—Mr. Baskcomb exhibited Letters Patent of William and Mary (1691), granting to John Barkstead, of the city of London, merchant, the privilege for fourteen years of using an invention made by him "for making of calicoes, muslins and other fine cloths of the sort, out of other wool of the growth and product of our plantations in the West Indies, to as great a perfection as those that are brought over and imported hither from Calcutt and other places in the East India." To this instrument a fine impression of the Great Seal, in

yellow wax, is dependent.—Mr. J. Moore, of West Coker, Somerset, sent a drawing of the nether stone of a pot-urn, found in his garden. It was 6 inches in height and 1½ diameter at the base.—Mr. W. H. Forman exhibited a fine example of "Inkhorn and Penner" of the sixteenth century.—Mr. Gibbs exhibited drawings of two large Black Jacks, or Bombards, still at Knole House, Kent.—Mr. Ingall produced a rare Trader's Token, not in the Beaufoy Cabinet. It was of "The General Munke's Head, in Church Lane."—Dr. Kendrick exhibited a leaden medal commemorative of the Acquittal of the Seven Bishops in 1688. The heads were in profile,—and Mr. G. G. Adams produced a Brass Medal, presenting them in full face.—Mr. Wakeman exhibited an ampulla-shaped Reliquary of glass, more than 2 inches in height, painted in the interior, representing the Annunciation, St. Francis, of Assisi, receiving the stigmata. It is italia and circa 1600.—Mr. Wakeman also produced a Glass Etui, elegantly enamelled and gilt.—Mr. S. Ward exhibited an early and exquisite specimen of Valenciennes Lace.—Mr. Syer Cuming read a curious paper, 'On Battersea Enamels,' an art practised at the close of the reign of George the Second and at the commencement of George the Third.—A paper, by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, V.P., was read, 'On the Rock-Basins at Dartmoor, and on other British Remains in this Island.'—In adjourning the meetings for the session, the Chairman announced that the Earl of Carnarvon had appointed the Congress to be held at Newbury, from the 12th to the 17th of September inclusive.

CHEMICAL.—June 2.—Col. P. Yorke, V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. G. Stuart, H. de Rheims, H. Rose, J. S. Blockey, and Dr. E. Pugh, were elected Fellows.—Prof. Bloxam read a paper 'On the Action of Boracic Acid upon the Carbonates of the Alkalies and Alkaline Earths.' He found that the amount of carbonic acid expelled by boracic acid varied with the proportion of boracic acid used, with the temperature at which the experiment was made, and with the nature of the base with which the carbonic acid was combined. At a bright red heat, boracic acid expelled about one equivalent of carbonic acid from carbonate of potash, about two and two equivalents from carbonate of soda, about two and a half equivalents from the carbonates of lithia and baryta, and about three equivalents from carbonate of strontia. The author showed that boracic acid, after complete saturation with potash, could yet expel carbonic acid from carbonate of soda, and, after saturation with soda, could yet expel carbonic acid from carbonate of lithia.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 10 and 17.—J. Hawkshaw, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The discussion upon Mr. Kingsbury's paper 'On the Victoria (London) Docks,' and upon Mr. Harrison's paper 'On the Tyne Docks,' occupied both evenings.

May 24.—J. Locke, Esq., M.P., President in the chair.—The paper read was, 'On the Manufacture of Malleable Iron and Steel,' by Mr. Henry Bessemer.—The following Candidates were elected:—H. E. General Tchekine, as an Honorary Member; Mr. I. F. Ure, as a Member; and Messrs. J. W. Jameson, P. C. Lockwood, W. McLandsborough, T. Measam, A. Penny, and W. H. Preece, as Associates.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tues. Statistical, 8.—'On the Duration of Life among Literary Men,' by Dr. Guy.—'On the Universities of Russia,' by M. de Koulomine.

Wed. Royal Society of Literature, 4½.

Geological, 8.—'Extraordinary'—Further Observations on the Occurrence of Objects of Human Art in the Bone-breccia of the Caves near Palermo,' by Dr. Falconer.—'Reports on the Progress of the Exploration of the Cave at Bricham,' by Dr. Falconer.—'On a Flint-Implement recently obtained from the Gravel near Amiens,' by Mr. Flower.

Tues. Numismatic, 7.—Annual.

Philological, 5.

FINE ARTS

A Glance at the Rise and Constitution of the Royal Academy of Arts of London. By John Pye. (Van Voorst.)

Mr. Pye comes like Fatima in the old Arabian story to seal the doom of the Forty,—his boiling

oil he has changed into a keen-edged pamphlet, which he writes as if he believed it would be the warrant for their execution. He seems to think that the walls of the Academy totter before the assault of trumpets; now even Balaam's ass brays ominous defiance to them from the shops of the very old masters in Wardour Street.

Less sanguine than Mr. Pye, and not quite so angry, we do, however, really believe that the fatal red cross has been long ago drawn by Fate on the doors of the Trafalgar Square Exhibition, and that no long usage or precedent will induce the English public to tolerate abuses merely because they are of long standing, or incompetence, merely because it is grey-headed. What we have to consider is, first, what were the motives that led to the foundation of the Royal Academy; secondly, what aid to struggling genius the pensioned and protected Academy has afforded; thirdly, whether it has tried to put down or to support mediocrity; and, lastly, whether its general effect upon English Art has been beneficial or otherwise to the artists of England. A wider range might lead us too far afield if we went on to consider, firstly, whether the Academy system generally has ever benefited Art or Poetry in any country—*vide Della Crusca* and the *Carracci Eclectic*;—secondly, whether Academicians in all countries have not been always enemies of new and original genius, which must be opposed to rules, every genius making new laws because he does a new work, which no old laws could either guide or originate.

Mr. Pye, to whom at present we confine ourselves, objects to the 70,000*l.* which the Academy requires for its new works, and disputes its right to absolute despotism over English Art. Already it holds a mischievous, indefinite, imperceptibly-acquired power, and now it seeks to place its venerable members and its snug sleepy sinecures, above the reach of the Legislature.

To show the origin and progress of Academic abuses, we must condense Mr. Pye's statement. He says,—

"The reign of George II. afforded little or no patronage to the then rising community of British Artists portrait painters excepted. Yet, in spite of discouragements, and in the absence of those appliances which are commonly thought necessary for raising artists, that reign was adorned by Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, and Gainsborough,—men of originality such as no Royal Academic or other mode of teaching has ever produced. At that time, the artist's only place of study was the private academy established by Hogarth in St. Martin's Lane, in which most of them had acquired the rudiments of their professional knowledge. Among them were men of lofty aspirations, who saw in visions of a Royal Academy emancipation from the state of neglect in which they lived. But as a community they were without money, and consequently without power. There were among them, also, men of daring enterprise; and these, in 1753, made an unsuccessful effort to establish a public Academy, with professors in the different branches of Art, to be supported by subscriptions. The selfishness of this project was so evident, that its originators soon found themselves made the subjects of caricatures. In 1755 the community appeared before the public again, in great force, represented by a committee, comprising the most distinguished members of every branch of the fine arts, whose purpose indicates that they were moved by despair. It was, to promulgate a merely nominal Royal Academy of Arts, with professors, to be supported as hospitals are, by public benevolence. But this project failed also, while demonstrating to the public the low and helpless position held by British artists. In 1759 the committee, by whom the affairs of the Academy in St. Martin's Lane were conducted, having suggested that money might be acquired for the community by making public exhibitions of their respective works, the happy thought was adopted, and a resolution taken to endeavour to raise by that means a fund for the protection of the aged and infirm of their body. In 1760 (the first of George III.) the experimental exhibition was made; and so far as success was dependent on public encouragement, it was triumphant. But the money it brought (the first ever possessed in common by British artists) became the seed of dissension, by creating among the differences of opinion as to the mode of applying it for their common benefit; consequently no fund for the protection of the aged and infirm (in deference to the resolution they had passed and recorded) was established; and therefore the community became divided into two parties, which soon constituted themselves into two societies, and became rivals in the art of drawing money from its newly-discovered source. In 1761 they pursued their respective courses by adding to the pleasure of the multitude two annual exhibitions, each displaying works of members of the Society to which it belonged. One was called 'The Free Society of Artists, associated for the relief of distressed brethren, their widows and children.' The profits of its first exhibition resulted from the sale of catalogues only. The amount was upwards of 150*l.* This sum it gave equally between the Middlesex Hospital, the British Lying-in Hospital, and the Asylum for Female Orphans; the balance it gave to poor artists. In 1763 this Society was enrolled in

the Court of King's Bench; and its roll was signed by 100 members. The other was called 'The Society of Artists of Great Britain.' On the opening of its first exhibition, it made no announcement as to the appropriation of the money it sought to acquire, otherwise than by the introduction into its catalogue of a design representing the genius of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, aiding the distressed; but in the preface to its second year's catalogue, it announced its purpose to be 'the advancement of art.' Entrance to its first exhibition was obtained by showing one of its catalogues, price 1*s.* at the door. The sum realized by the sale of these amounted to 680*l.*; and the progressively increasing revenue of subsequent years raised the amount of receipts of the seventh to 1,255*l.*, and the total of those years to 5,455*l.* This was encouraging; and besides, the Society's members comprised (with the exception of Hogarth) all the most distinguished artists of the time."

From the beginning, these 211 men, with their growing income, had no code of laws and no definite purpose in collecting funds. The Committee was chosen annually and annually re-elected, so that the Society was without control or supervision, internal or external. In 1765 they obtained a royal charter of incorporation, and, to help on abuses, the late Committee became the first Directors. On they went, unjust and oppressive, tampering with elections, intriguing, slandering, hanging (just as they do now) good pictures badly, and bad pictures well (at least, so Mr. Pye says), misusing the Society's charitable funds, and eventually clearing the St. Martin's Lane Academy of statues and busts, and setting up a few place of study, till, in 1768, these Directors were turned out as unjust stewards.

These discontented men repaired to the King, made up a plausible grievance, and founded the Royal Academy. In 1769 their first Catalogue bore the following announcement:—

"As the present Exhibition is part of the institution of an Academy supported by Royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without expense. The Academicians therefore think it necessary to declare that this was very much their desire; but that they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money at the door for admittance, to prevent the room from being filled with improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the Exhibition is apparently intended."

At this time there were about 300 acknowledged respectable artists in London; but the first Exhibition contained only the works of fifty artists, thirty-three of them Academicians and only seventeen outsiders.

Mr. Pye goes on to accuse the Academicians of intending from the very beginning to acquire a revenue, not for charity, but for the sake of power and for selfish purposes. Their laws worked one into the other. The Members could not belong to any other Society of Arts,—all vacancies were to be filled up from Associates, and all Associates were to be exhibitors. At one blow these vile rules slew both the other Societies, and destroyed all honest rivalry and freedom of conflicting thought. In 1780 the other Societies were dead,—therefore, from that time, the Academy revenue embraced all picture exhibitions; yet, in the 1780 Catalogue, the Royal Academy again declared that they only took money at the doors to keep out improper persons!

The grievance is great—the evil intolerable. That forty men, self-constituted, should get rich by the exhibition of six or seven hundred artists' works and pocket all the profits; yet, that those seven hundred men, contributing the largest part, and often the best part, of the many thousand pictures, should have no voice by representation in the Hanging Committee and no share in the fund, is a grievance that in business or in ordinary government would never be borne. And what do the Forty do for this revenue attained by other men's works? Give the use of a miserable and inconvenient room, with a vile light and a few dirty statues to a few students, turned in there, with a word once a week from a Keeper (contemptuously independent of them), to learn what they can, at an age when even the very custom of statue-copying is condemned by the wisest and most intellectual writers upon Art.

Is the shilling at the door still "to keep out improper persons"? Have no improper persons a shilling, no proper persons only sixpence! What are the funds collecting for,—for sinecure salaries, for the mockery of chaplains that never pray,

secretaries who never write, librarians of an unused library, and professors who never teach?

The reason why men now wish to be R.A. is not that R.A. means talent; but because R.A. means a place at a fat annual dinner,—and the chance of a good unrivalled place at an Exhibition from which the Academy Funds are all obtained.

And, why—says the irritated but half-indifferent reader—why does genius bear these spurs from the foot of mediocrity? For several simple but very sufficient reasons. This is a commercial country where Art, unless it be mere upholstery or have something to do with rich vanity, as portrait painting has (which generally can scarcely be called Art), has a hard struggle to live at all. Of course we progress,—of course we promise to be a great Art people,—of course artists are rich, and young men (if portrait painters) have often large incomes; but still Raphael, if alive now, would starve; so would Michael Angelo; so would, perhaps, even Hogarth;—therefore it is that poor cowed genius, young, unknown, chokes back the pride that rises stifling in its throat, and year after year, though rejected and disgraced, ill-used and degraded, sends its good picture to be either rejected (without appeal) by two or three self-appointed men, whose interest it is to keep down rivals and competitors, or be hung out of reach, to be passed over by critics and talked of in R.A. cliques as an instance of the rapidity with which merit (*however small*) is rewarded by the impartial Hanging Committee of the Academy.

We repeat that all that Art has ever done in England has been done, not through, but in spite of, the Royal Academy.

THE MARQUESS OF HERTFORD'S GALLERY.

We do not know what that dark Mr. Croker would have said if he had heard that the pictures in the Marquess of Hertford's gallery were going to be photographed by Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi, the imitatable Italians, and to be published in numbers for the Art-populace by Messrs. Colnaghi, of Pall Mall. Yet, so irresistible is progress, such is the case, and we now have lying before our delighted and feasted eyes a large folio number, bound in a dark chocolate wrapper, containing thirty admirable photographs of the gems of the gallery, seventeen old masters and thirteen modern pictures, executed in the monochrome of photography more perfectly even than the Manchester Collection. We look upon these works as so much more money added to the popular Art-capital, for these admirable pictures were not generally known by the public, and were guarded for years with somewhat of selfish precaution from the outside untitled eyes. And first, to prevent the unnecessary repetition of names, we will enumerate the disinterred old masters now brought up to the sunlight from this Art-Pompeii. The list embraces 'The Holy Family,' by Del Sarto, 'The Holy Family,' by Rubens, 'Philip le Roy and Wife,' by Vandyck, 'Jan Pellicorne and Wife,' by Rembrandt, 'Sea Piece,' by Van de Velde, 'Waterfall,' by Ruysdael, 'Water-mill,' by Hobbema, 'The Infant Don Balthazar,' by Velasquez, 'Lady with Fan,' by Velasquez, 'Annunciation,' by Murillo, 'Holy Family,' 'Virgin and Child,' and 'Joseph carried to the Mouth of the Well,' by the same artist, 'The Seasons dancing to the Music of Time,' by N. Poussin, and 'Sea-Port,' by Claude Lorraine. A picture reduced to monochrome becomes an excellent study, unless it is painted by a master whose charm is chiefly colour. Yet Rubens does not seem to lose so much as one would expect in his 'Holy Family,' over which is diffused such a serene light of happiness and such a loveable humanity as make us forget the want of idealism and the absence of palpable divinity in the child Jesus. We care only to see the smiling pride of the parents and the admiration of Elizabeth, as the fair-haired Flemish child, with the string of pearls round its rosy neck, steps with timid dignity. It is a Flemish view of the Holy Family, and is a dream of Flemish children. Vandyck's 'Philip le Roy' is an instance of photography turning two dark masses of drapery into blots, but luckily the head

is preserved, with its glossy hair and elevated chivalrous face. We have, too, perfectly, the broad ruffles, wide level lace collar, and the nervous hand clutching the dark sword-hilt. The kindly dog, prying to be fondled, is admirable. Vandyck must have been a "sweet-blooded," generous, serene gentleman to have painted such gentlemen. A painter paints always what is in him, not what is out of him. The wife, too, is very pretty and surprised with her fetters of pearl, her Henrietta-Maria bush of hair, her ribboned sleeves, and her scarfed girdle. 'Jan Pellicorne,' by Rembrandt, is ill drawn, but delicious for calm grasp and thoughtful quietude. Where are gone now those oval Quixotic faces, with mercurial eyebrows, playful mouth, crisp mustachio, and dagger beard? How like a wise Scapin the look, with the broad hat, as well as the white trenches of a ruff, and the broad, baggy sleeve! The little boy with the bag is frank and manly. Pellicorne's wife is very charming and sagacious, like a Dutch Rosalind, and the little daughter waiting for the broad piece so simple, inquiring and maternally. The Del Sarto we do not care for; it is learned, pleasing, admirable as a mere painting, but soulless. The child is a mere "mischievous," and no spark of divine intelligence lights his Puck-like face. Van de Velde hardly bears translation, and, besides, he is a painter we have long left far behind.

The Murillo, except for novelty of treatment, which is still traceable, is, as a photograph, a failure. Except in masses of light and dark the Ruysdael refuses to be translated. The Hobbema is in some parts obscure, in others perfect; but still nothing compared with the immitable 'Don Balthazar,' by Velasquez. This is one of the most admirable pictures of the child-price extant:—how cleverly the size of the royal "tot" is hinted by the bullion tassel, the plump cushion and the curling feather! What a belief in divine right is implied in the unfinishing eye, the firm though baby-mouth, the scarf, the leading-staff and the little rapier! What exquisite instinct of the painter is shown in the touches of light, and the mottle that expresses the cloth of gold! The 'Lady with a Fan,' though plain, is a rare portrait, so broad, daring, and masterly,—the heavy mantilla and fan, necklace and gloves and side ribbon altogether build up into one of those individualizations that haunt one like a ghost. Murillo's 'Virgin and Child' is one of those pure and true realizations of the subject that can only be painted from the heart. The alarm and yet curiosity of the child is perfectly true to infant nature. So is 'The Holy Family,' with the beautiful young mother and fondling child. 'The Annunciation' is in its purest and best style. The Claude, but for atmospheric distance, loses all its charm. Poussin's 'Seasons' is a pedantic, dull work; the figures stiff and clumsy; the allegory not worth interpreting.

Now we come to the modern pictures. They consist of Greuze's 'Offering to Cupid,'—Greuze's 'Girl with a Dove,'—Delacroix's 'Mother and Child,'—H. Vernet's 'Arab Camp' (spoiled),—'Arab Execution,' by Decamps (spoiled),—'Miss Bowles,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'The Strawberry Girl,' ditto, 'Nelly O'Brien,' ditto, 'Mrs. Braddyl,' ditto, 'Portrait,' ditto, and 'Lady with Miniature,' by Gainsborough. With all their sentimental meretriciousness there is a charm about the Greuzes, for there is tenderness and a fine sense of impassioned beauty. 'The Girl with the Dove' has most liquid eyes, and a winning look, half fondling, half beseeching, that may not be very severely virtuous, but is at least very bewitching and irresistible. The Delacroix is pure, admirable, and weighty with thought. The Reynolds are admirable as the Old Masters, but for their occasional haste and sketchiness,—the drapery is careless in the 'Miss Bowles,' who clasps the dog between her arms; the face careless and childishly unconscious, but for the grain of half surprise, half fear. 'The Strawberry Girl,' for breadth and power, is unrivalled among painted children:—how large and timorous the eyes,—how prim and prettily old-womanish the folded arms and tight, closed mouth. 'Nelly O'Brien,' in the round

hat, is an anticipation of the modern sunshine in Art,—the quilted petticoat and gay striped gown are put on one side and disregarded; but then Sir Joshua painted a long way from his model. 'Mrs. Braddyl' seems hewn out, so broad and florid is the painting; the powdered curls are treated with a breadth untrue, but quite sublime. What an epitome of the Johnson age Reynolds has given us, of its feelings, physiognomy and dress! He has thrown his own strong mind into those dark, lustrous, kindling eyes and those sweetly-curved lips! What lightning decision and elastic strength in the touch of those sharp-cut nostrils and those dark eyelids! What a beautiful play of light and dark! What piles of powdered hair prematurely grey, and what dishing up of ribbons! What sprightly eyes in this lady with the muff and mountain head-dress! What arch shrewishness and dangerous mischief in the turn of the head. The Gainsborough is lankily drawn, but still graceful; and the dog wonderfully keen, high-spirited and alert.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We have before this had to allude in terms of praise to the restorations by Messrs. Gilbert Scott & Williams of the old city church of St. Michael's, Cornhill, which Stow-honest John Stow—mentions as of great antiquity, and given by Alnothus the priest to the Abbey of Covesham, and in 34 Hen. I. granted by them to Sparling the priest, on condition that he should find the Abbot lodging, salt, water, and fire, when he visited London. The grant of the benefice to the Drapers' Company by Elizabeth Peake, a widow, who died in 1518, and now lies buried in the belfry, has connected the traditions of the church with the Merchant Taylors and Clothworkers Company. The great Rous bell—the king of the belfry in Stow's time, and the curfew bell—was the gift of William Rous, a London goldsmith, in the year 1430. In the belfry some lightning-grooves in the north window-stones were shown as marks of the Devil's claws. Stow's father and grandfather were buried in this church. But it is of the new work—the ninety-four bench-ends and the carved pulpit, the admirable work of that skilful veteran in wood-carving, Mr. W. G. Rogers, of Soho Square—that we would now peculiarly treat. Mr. Rogers's work we look upon as one of the healthiest signs of the times, heralding a day when the workman will, we hope, not only execute but design his own work, leaving the architect unencumbered for his own grander and vaster combinations. This wood-carving of Mr. Rogers teems with thought as much as the old cathedral work does, though, from its very refinement, less effective, because not so *naïve*, so unconscious, so rudely strong, so innocently beautiful, so clumsily original, so groping and childlike in its humble aspiration for beauty. Besides, we must not forget that this is wood-work, not stone, and we must rather compare it with the feathery lightness of the strings of game, fruit and flowers that Grinling Gibbons carved out of our dead lime and chestnut-trees, turning their death to life. Nearly all these designs of Mr. Rogers are new, and are built up from natural objects, conventionalized to suit the space, building and material. Here are foliated crosses, sharp-cut acanthus-looking leaves, and some special emblems, which are really poems in themselves, and deserve to become standard types in religious Art, putting to shame the Pagan cross-flutes, cherub heads, lines of garlands and such frippery of the Renaissance School. We may instance the snow-drop, type of light out of darkness,—the butterfly issuing from the chrysalis, type of the Resurrection,—Solomon's glory, three crowns arising out of three full-blown lilies,—the trinity, the triple lily issuing from one heart-shaped bulb,—the vine and the rose of Sharon,—the cross with the Passion-flower twining round it, and the branded scape-goat. Another instance of the taste and thoughtfulness of Mr. Rogers is, the constant use of the flowers, trees, and animals of the Holy Land,—the gourds and dates, the figs and citrons, the ivy and anemones, the sage-plant and water-rushes, the oaks and pomegranates, the pelicans and storks, the snakes and goats. On the Clothworkers' pew we see the prickly teazel, and round others boughs of

olives. The figure subjects, such as the Return from Egypt, Charity feeding Children, &c., are less successful. There is no substitute in Art for an ignorance of sound figure drawing. The pulpit has painted pillars in the manner of Cavallini. The panels have diaper patterns and bold projecting emblems of the Evangelists in roundels. Here and there the head of the dragon that St. Michael discomfited is cleverly introduced. All we wish Mr. Rogers is, that more than the usual three old women and pew-opener, that form the average London congregation, will see his poetical work.

The great figure of Victory, which looks so gaily across the Park from Apsley House garden, is at best a very mannered work of Art. The attitude is strained, and the huge lifeless wings with very strange joints are seen most disadvantageously against the open sky. The drapery is cast into long straight lines which are disagreeable, and the folds are moreover small and wanting in breadth and grandeur. The figure is very like a Teutonic design of Cornelius rather than Italian; and being apparently part of a monumental design, it is to be regretted that its fragmental character should be made so prominent by position.

In the Rathbone Art-gallery, where the gilded illuminations we recently noticed emblazon the walls, and where unfaded leaves of old missals, Hours and Psalters dazzle the eye with an Eden bloom of colours, there are now to be seen some admirable leather carvings, the work of Mr. Lawrence,—sharp and massive as any carving of wood. This cheap material assumes readily the shape of the bossy and rocky melon, the smooth hard-rinded pear, the boat-shaped peacock, the globular apple, or the dry, brown-husked filbert. It gives great scope to the artist, who can in this cheap material hazard all sorts of Art experiments, that in the old brittle and expensive material he would not have dared to essay.

Two pictures, of Ancient and Modern Jerusalem, intended as contrasts, that mutually illustrate each other, are now on view at Messrs. Jennings, Cheap-side, preparatory to their being chromo-lithographed. They are the minute and careful work of Herr Müller, a German artist, who accompanied Mr. Raphael, the late member for St. Albans's, to the Holy Land,—on a tour undertaken with all the veneration and earnestness with which Jews alone can undertake such a tour. Mr. Raphael was a learned and wealthy Jew, late in life converted to Christianity. Urged by his old faith, with the ardour of a new proselyte, Mr. Raphael spared no pains to ascertain the old sites, or at least the traditional sites of the old city. On his return he consulted Mr. Whitlock, the antiquarian artist, and arranged with him, after much revision and selection, the two drawings now exhibited, and which will be deeply interesting (small as their Art value is) to all Biblical students. In these pictures, following the wand of the exhibitor with more or less faith, according to the weather or your temper, you may visit Bethesda or the Place of Wailing, the Ecce Homo arch or the brook Kedron, the Gate of Jaffa or the Garden of Gethsemane, where the gnarled olive-trees still mark the site of a Redeemer's agony. As an hypothesis, ingenious and original is the diagram of the Temple, differing altogether from Mr. Roberts's imagination of it, and founded chiefly on assertions in the 'Middoth,' in the library of the Vatican: it is a square of 750 feet, containing a mass of cloisters, low walls, and semi-Corinthian columns; the roofs are pyramidal, the pinnacles Chaldean.

Mr. Westlake's 'Illustrated Old Testament History,' from the manuscript in the Old Royal Collection, British Museum, the work of the unknown artist of 1310, goes on well, his lines still a little timid, but not so frittered, shaky, and crumbly. It would be much better published in a handy octavo-size. In this number, with infinite delicacy and loveability of treatment, we have all sorts of eccentricities arising from the imperfect science of the artist or the strange conventions of the age. The horses look like camels. Jacob cuts a goat's throat as if he were scraping a carrot, and brings the mess of venison in a sort of butter-boat. The meditative kings and patriarchs always cross their legs in the most droll and constrained

attitude. As for the costume, it is enough to make a P.R.B. who prides himself on a certain small truth raving mad. Potiphar's wife wears a fourteenth-century *juste au corps*; and as for Joseph, he looks distressed and uncomfortable in a cap of mail and a tight suit of ribbed and linked armour. As for the King of Egypt, he hunts in his crown, long-toed shoes, and royal Dalmate, while his courtiers have curiously-peaked caps. But it is in small traits that the genius and kind heart of the unknown artist creep out, in the pleasant scene of the Seneschal of Egypt carrying off the child Joseph on his horse behind him to the distant land he points to,—in the admirable attitude of the brothers showing the bloody coat to the mourning father,—in the panting hare, head up, running from the Egyptian hounds,—in the earnest attitude of Rebecca as she thrusts Jacob forward with the warm goat-skins on his neck and on his hands.

Occasional subjects are subjects that mediocrity loves to glorify—"sweet poison for the age's tooth," which is not always a wisdom-tooth. They are in Art the glittering butterflies of the shop-windows, born for a little hour; born, however graceful or sparkling, to pass away like the spring's almond blossom. To expect for them a second life would be as ridiculous as to expect effervescence in the dregs of last night's champagne. Viewing Art ephemeral under this light, we must not severely criticize a seasonable trifle called a Portrait of the Princess Frederick-William of Prussia with the Infant Prince on her lap, just published by Mr. Mitchell, and lithographed by Mr. Lane, from a photograph. It is, however, very foggy and indistinct, even for lithograph, and might, as far as we see, be any mother with any infant.

A portrait of Capt. Peel, painted by Mr. Lucas, and now in course of engraving, is on view at Mr. Graves's, Pall Mall, preparatory to its being, it is hoped, removed to take its place among other great men's effigies at the Painted Hall at Greenwich. It is sketched painted, in a slight but clever and sufficient manner. The chief defect is one of drawing, which gives the gallant sea-soldier the look of a boy a trifle doubled up. The frank, chivalrous features are admirably like, and the attitude of leading on his men, with heavy cutlass in one hand and white pith helmet in the other, is, though momentary and violent, a strong and characteristic one. The background is formed of a flapping palm-tree, a dummy sepoy, and half-a-dozen rollicking sailors, who are ramming a cannon and sponging-out guns with all the glee of boys out for a day at Greenwich Fair.

Prof. Bendemann, at Dresden, has accepted the Directorship of the Royal Art Academy at Düsseldorf, and is expected there in the beginning of July.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—TUESDAY, June 22, half-past Three. Madame SCHUMANN and JOACHIM. Quartet, D minor, Haydn; Trio, in E flat, Op. 70, Beethoven; Quintet, E flat, Op. 57, Mendelssohn. Solos, Pianoforte and Violin. Executants: Joachim, Goffrie, II, and E. Blagrove, and Patti. Pianists, Madame Clara Schumann (her last performance this season).—Visitors' Tickets, 3s. 6d. each; may be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., and Olliver, Bond Street. J. ELLA, Director.

MRS. ANDERSON'S ANNUAL GRAND ORCHESTRAL MORNING CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on THURSDAY NEXT, June 24, at Two o'clock. All the principal Vocal and Instrumental Talent in London are engaged.—Stalls, One Guinea; Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had at all the principal Music-sellers, and of Mrs. Anderson, 34, Nottingham Place, W.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR will give a CONCERT on THURSDAY EVENING, June 24, during the Handel Festival week, to commence at Half-past Eight and terminate at Half-past Ten.—The Programme will consist of popular Madrigals, Glee, and Part Songs.—Stalls, 3s.; Gallery, 2s.; Area, 1s.; Addison, Hoiler & Lucas, 21, Regent Street, W.; at the Hall; or at Keith, Prosser & Co., 2, Chancery Lane. Post-office orders to be made payable to the order of Stanley Lucas, Hon. Sec.

MADAME BASSANO and HERR WILHELM KUHE have the honour to announce that their GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place, at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on MONDAY, June 27, to commence at half-past Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists: Madames Lemoine, Sherrington, Albertazzi, Finoli, and Bassano; Messrs. Reichardt, Santley, Jules Lefort, and Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Joachim and Patti, Herr Engel; Pianoforte, Herr Kuhe and the Broussil Family. Conductors: M.M. Benedict, Francesco Berger, and Walter Macfarren.—Soft Stalls and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved and Balcony Seats, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be had of Madame Bassano, 7, Old Quebec Street, West; or of Messrs. Kuhn, 12, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.; or of all the principal Music-sellers, and at the Ticket Office of the Hall, 25, Piccadilly.

MR. JOHN THOMAS, Professor of the Harp at the Royal Academy of Music, and Honorary Member of the Society of Santa Cecilia, Rome, has the honour to announce that his MORNING CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY, July 3, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, to commence at Three o'clock. Full particulars will be duly announced. 100, Great Portland-street.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—Crowded Houses and continued Success.—Open EVERY NIGHT at Eight; and SATURDAY AFTERNOON at Three.—Grand Change of Programme.—Stalls, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, and at the Hall (Piccadilly entrance), from Nine till Six.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Musical Literature and Criticism.—[Critique, &c.] Second Series. By P. Scudo. (Paris, Hachette & Co.) *Grotesques in Music*.—[Les Grotesques, &c.] By Hector Berlioz. (Paris, Librairie Nouvelle).—The houses of *Montagu* and *Capulet* were not set further apart the one from the other by disposition, antipathy and prejudice (which implies want of understanding) than the two musical critics—both holding high stations in the world of French criticism—whose books are here coupled. Whereas it seems difficult to find readers for any English work on a musical subject, many of our countrymen have patience with, and appetite for, such ware of the kind as our neighbours may furnish; and thus, while directing attention to this pair of volumes, we will do our best briefly to characterize what they contain which may amuse,—what is wanting to accredit their reception as authorities.—Both, let us state, to account for the absence of extract, are made up of articles which have appeared elsewhere—corrected, possibly, and in some degree modified.—M. Scudo brings to his task a style agreeable without pedantry, and courteous without affectation. On the subject of the past generation of Italian singers he is generally well informed;—he is fairly just, according to our sympathies, when treating modern Italian opera (the only music left to Italy). With regard to other schools and traditions, he is an unsafe guide. His raptures ring hollow. He knows (what professor or amateur in Paris does not) the right tone of ecstasy in which to sing the glories of Mozart. If anything could weary us of 'Don Giovanni,' it would be the perpetual apotheosis of the 'trio of masks,' which is part of every Parisian journalist's stock in trade. But Haydn's 'Seasons' seem yet more to M. Scudo's liking.—He has hardly a word concerning Bach, save from an awful distance, reminding us of that from which English poetical critics (on the strength of a slight reading of Sir William Jones) used to mention 'Sacontala.' His ignorance regarding Handel is only generic. Weber, again, has of late become a pet author with the Parisians,—and, accordingly, M. Scudo "follows suit"—though it would be hard to exceed in shallowness his criticisms on 'Euryanthe';—since he does not even know that Helmine von Chezy derived her story from Shakspeare's 'Cymbeline,' ascribing it to an old French tale. Beethoven, again, puzzles M. Scudo. He struggles to be profound and discriminating, like the rest; but what are we to think of the acumen of a critic who finds the confusions of the Ninth Symphony in its first movement! Of Dr. Spohr there is hardly a word; of Mendelssohn phrases which contradict one another. He is described as now an imitator of Weber—now of Beethoven. If the performance in Paris of half 'Elijah,' some two years ago, could be outdone in baldness and misconception, it would be by the paragraphs in which that greatest and most genial work of recent music are here dismissed. On the whole, we recollect few cases in which the absence of any attempt to keep pace with the times is more remarkable than in this book, plausible and pleasing though it be. The best chapters in it are the monographs on Bordogni, Lablache and the Philidors. The 'Grotesques' of M. Berlioz appeal to a totally different class of readers, to such as love the paradox,—the 'calemboury,' the "charge," (things not precisely rendered by "play on words" and "caricature"). There is more of fun and farce than food in them—but the fun and the farce have in them a spice of bitterness, sometimes play with things too petty to be worth a joke, sometimes present ignorance in the guise of originality. All the while the author rarely loses sight of M. Berlioz. When, for instance, the well-known psalm by Marcello, "I cieli immensi," is ridiculed by

him as a vulgar and undignified tune, the ridicule will explain to many why it happens that little or nothing of that which the world has agreed to consider as melody in his own elaborately-mediated compositions. Sometimes, however, there is self-forgetfulness. One who is thrown into spasms of grotesque sarcasm at the slightest tampering with the music of any given author (Gluck especially) should hardly, in his own person, have converted a duett by Gluck into a two-part chorus—hardly have scored a pianoforte piece by Weber—the 'Invitation'—as M. Berlioz has done. There is the old nonsense again, denouncing the trill or shake of the voice as a disgrace to serious music, only fit for the conveyance of broad and frivolous comedy,—M. Berlioz being the sworn foe to vocal execution. Once again, however, he must be asked whether every remark made in this humour might not also apply to every form of florid passage, and, if so, why not to instruments as well as voices? Down with the scale, chromatic and diatonic—down with *arpeggi* of all sorts and kinds—down with the *tremolando* for the orchestra as well as for the voice,—if each of these forms and patterns has only one inevitable character and use of its own—if it is to be regarded as intrinsically significant—and not as one resource or material the more!—Only, if all these devices and designs are to be thrown down, what becomes of that which these vocal iconoclasts wish to establish as the only music worth having, *i. e.* the instrumental and descriptive symphony, with the voice taking the slave's part of simple declamatory subordination? We have too much regard for the quick musical sympathy of M. Berlioz when it is brought to bear on subjects which he knows—too much admiration for the resolution with which (right or wrong) he has fought for his own convictions, in his own career—too much relief for his humour (sometimes truly ready and keen) to spare him a single comma of the truth,—when we find him, as here, raking up nonsense, whimsy, personality—in order to make his public stare. One who directs the taste of others,—be he ever so fantastic, ever so rhapsodical, ever so dogmatic, ought not to merit the appellation given to our author, he tells us, by the omnibus driver at Marseilles. The setter forth in music of 'King Lear,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' the 'Holy Family,' the writer of Requiem with four choirs, and 'Te Deums,' for which no cathedral is vast enough,—and who has attempted, for the Opera (he tells us), no theme less ambitious than

the wondrous tale of Troy,

—one to whom Gluck is a divinity, and Beethoven an intoxicating and elevating inspiration—ought to bear a better name, even when his wit soars the gayest. There are grotesques and grotesques: those amusing—these mischievous. The chapter "Prejudices"—which contains apparently serious, not grotesque, views of rhythm, may be considered on some future day, when the subject, as a neglected subject of great importance, comes to be treated separately.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Last week the pianists held the concert kingdom in their hands. *M. Halle* began his *Pianoforte Recitals* on the Friday;—playing, to our thinking, about as well as it is possible to play, and heard to particular advantage, owing to the choice of his music, among which was a *partita* or set of pieces by Bach, most of them founded on some dance-measure of old time,—quaint, intellectual, ingenious movements,—Beethoven's *Sonata* in a flat, with its impassioned *Cavatina* and curious final fugue,—and pieces by Chopin, ending with that boastful and grandiose *Polonoise* in a flat, which is, perhaps, almost too boastful and grandiose to be possible on the pianoforte, as we could imagine it—strange emanation from one so tremulous, so delicate, so gentle-spirited!—giving proof, were proof needed, how totally separate are physical and poetical powers!

If any one could play out this same *Polonoise* to all its length, breadth and height, it would, probably, be that striking pianist whose concert was held the evening after that of *M. Halle*—we allude to *M. Rubinstein*, who has a plenitude of force and

fire (not excluding delicacy) hardly equalled in our recollection. That this gentleman has not yet enjoyed his fair share of public favour in England might, perhaps, be explained:—but no matter for the moment:—to ourselves, a vigour, an interest and a mastery are in his execution (if not always tempered by perfect taste), and a serious intention is in his compositions: betokening a resolution to aspire and to achieve, which are more than commonly attractive. If he sometimes miss his way he is always earnest. There is nothing small in his proceedings—next to nothing *ad captandum*. There was much that should please in his *Second Concerto*; less in his *Symphony*—but in both traces of the hand of a thoughtful composer. We heard, at this concert, *Mdlle. Artot* for the first time this season. Her voice appears to have gained in brilliancy; her style still requires polish. She must remember that with one so gifted and accomplished as herself standing still amounts to "going backward." From an artist who essays the highest flights in art nothing short of upward progress can be accepted.

Miss Dolby in her two concerts has gone from grave to gay, to lively from severe—having been classical with Gluck, Spohr, Méhul and "The Three Ravens" (sixteenth century), on Saturday morning—and on Monday evening offering a more popular, still not a poor, selection, of music, with the assistance of many favourite artists. But the plurality of these entertainments is beginning to amount to a difficulty. On Monday morning a fourth concert of the *Glee and Madrigal Union* (always well worth hearing) took place, and *Mr. Benedict's First Concert*—the latter no less always curious as an exponent of the newest "spring fashions." The importations from Drury Lane, Signor Badiali excepted, cannot be said to have distinguished themselves—save Signor Mongini, by the violence with which he uses his splendid—we might add his incomparable—voice. Signor Ludovico Graziani, by his side, sounds a finished artist. It is vexatious to hear gifts so magnificent so fiercely abused. *Mdlle. Artot* sang very finely; so too did Madame Novello, in an elegant song by Sebastian Bach, with *violinello obbligato*,—to be particularly commended by us, since we have the bad taste generally to dislike the songs of that great and ingenious instrumental composer. Not pretending to notice a tenth of what was performed, we have still courtesies to do by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington:—and more particularly by *M. Wieniawski*, whom we have mentioned more seldom than his real and remarkable talent as a violinist deserves. Though he cannot be said to belong to the grandest school—of which Herr Joachim is the greatest representative—there is still too much, both in his playing and his reading, of what is great, brilliant, clearly betokening honest study or love of the best Art, to be overlooked by any lover of justice.—At *Mr. Benedict's* second concert we observe that Signor Rossini's 'Stabat,' and selections from Signor Verdi's new opera 'Un Ballo in Maschera' are to be given. Some of the detached pieces from the latter work are before us; till we speak of them more in detail it must suffice us to say that they show Signor Verdi grown considerably old and coquettish—not the least, however, in masquerade.

The *Philharmonic Concert* of Monday and the *Crystal Palace Concert* of Wednesday need merely to be announced. "How are the mighty fallen!" how have times changed since the event of the musical fortnight was a *Philharmonic Concert*!—There has been an *Academy Concert*, too, regarding which its panegyrist seems to agree that "the least said," &c. Attention appears to have been drawn to this institution by the incidental mention of its moribund state the other evening at the Society of Arts. There have been protests, reclamations, public and private. Where are the artists? and why must an English Mendelssohn scholar be obliged to finish his education at Leipzig?

PRINCESS'S.—A new farce was produced on Monday, entitled 'If the Cap fits.' It is by Messrs. Yates and Harrington; a slight affair, but singular in its structure and motive. Three military gentlemen differ in their notions as to the

best manner of winning the hand of a fair widow, to which each honourably aspires, while maintaining intact the claims of friendship. The captain proposes abduction, the lieutenant written proposals, and the doctor a personal declaration. They cast lots as to these methods, and also to decide the point of the first chance. Of course, all the parties get misfitted. But the trial is anticipated. The "cap" which has been used for the lottery proves to have been one worked by the lady for a gentleman, to whom she intends to be married on his return from China; and the rivals therefore perceive that further process is unnecessary. The parts were supported by Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. Everett, Mr. Frank Matthews, and Miss Murray. The little drama was neatly acted, and proved acceptable to the audience.

NEW ADELPHI.—Mr. Edward Stirling has given an occasional sketch to the theatres, which was acted here, and elsewhere, on Monday. 'The Rifle Volunteers' is the title, and the Laureate's song of 'Riflemen, form!' constitutes part of the matter of the piece. The story is scarcely anything. A respectable merchant and his daughter differ in opinion as to the courage of the present age, when the latter organizes a corps of girls to prove it. Opportunity is thus given to present a number of young ladies in the new uniform, who go through certain exercises, until one shows the white feather, and thus the whole plot is exposed. The trifle was favourably received.

GRECIAN.—A drama, founded on the novel of 'Mervyn Clitheroe,' was produced on Monday as a Whitsuntide piece, and was perfectly successful. It is in three acts, and is carefully produced.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—To report on an opera speculation professedly undertaken for merely one month, and implying the production of a new work, with imperfect materials, is to appropriate space neither wisely nor well, at a time when every musical reviewer must wish that his journal was like the famous tent of *Pari Banou*, which could spread itself from entertaining a rubber of four to a Crystal Palace banquet of four thousand—as required. Thus we shall merely announce the essay upon 'Raymond and Agnes' made on Monday evening, and add, that the opera, according to contemporaries, was better attended than performed.

So, too, must we merely say here that Signor Tamberlik has re-appeared at the *Royal Italian Opera*, and there sang in 'Otello' on Tuesday evening (not forgetting his sharp—a mezzo soprano note to be recommended to the "*Uniform Pick deliberators*") with his usual success.—The production, at that theatre, of Signor Mercadante's opera 'Il Giuramento' is postponed till next week.—Mr. Smith announces that he has added *Mdlle. Piccolomini*, *M. Belart*, and Signor Violette to his company, and that they will appear at Drury Lane forthwith.

An English version of M. Meyerbeer's Breton opera may be shortly expected—by Mr. Henry F. Chorley.

Among the signs of this Handel time the *Handel Album* of Mr. W. H. Calcott, published by Mr. Lonsdale,—whose sign, we perceive, is the "Handel's Head,"—must not wait for review. Generally speaking, we are averse to collections of extracted fragments. We feel, however, that this book will be a welcome guest in many quiet houses, where the name of the master is held in love. Mr. W. H. Calcott has varied his selection judiciously, and by so doing will surprise many devout Handelians who have lost sight of the variety of the composer in his grandeur. He was a magnificent thief, we concede,—but when did ever man, betwixt theft and invention, get together such a treasury of fresh and precious fancies?

A positive flood of *prime donne* has this year burst on England. Here, to lengthen the list (when it seems the fashion, too, to complain of the unprofitable results of the season), is Madame

Crillag, from Vienna. M. Mortier de Fontaine, a pianist who has visited England before, and who is said to have paid great attention to Beethoven's last pianoforte compositions, is in London again.—Little Ketten, too, the pianist, has come—a boy of such charm and promise that it grieves us to the heart he should be allowed, ever so moderately, to come before the world as a prodigy,—holding fast to our conviction of the perils and penalties which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, attach themselves to premature exhibition.

A new operetta, by Herr Rietz (the admirable Leipzig concert-master) (7), 'George Neumark,' has been given at the Court Theatre, at Weimar.—A concert, in aid of the Weber monument at Dresden, with a receipt of 1,000 thalers,—a corresponding sum having been contributed by the town.

Wild work is made of music by War. A "Magenta" cantata, improvised in Paris,—the close of Milanese theatres driving the singers hither and thither in search of bread,—are only among the most obvious incidents of the hour. In outlying places there have been demonstrations sufficiently odd and significant, as the following anecdote derived from the *Gazette Musicale* will prove. M. Henri Herz has been on a concert-tour in Russia. At a second concert, given by him at Warsaw, he introduced his sixth *Pianoforte Concerto*, with orchestra and chorus. Up to this point he had been received with the warmest applause; but scarcely had the chorus sung the first bars of its part than many and persevering hisses broke out. Not knowing how to account for such a check, M. Herz began the movement afresh; when the outcries of aversion became so violent from every part of the hall as entirely to drown the voices of the executants. He withdrew entirely disconcerted. On entering the artists' room the storm was explained thus:—The melody, said many of his listeners who got about him, bore a striking resemblance to the Austrian national air, the introduction of which the audience would not abide. It was not difficult for M. Herz to justify himself, by explaining that the *Concerto* had been written years before at Paris, when there was no Austrian question; and that he had never heard the national air played or sung (somewhat apocryphal this, by the way, if the tune was 'God preserve the Emperor'). After this explanation he was allowed to resume his performance, which was received with the utmost applause.

"From weak to weaker" seems to be the motto of the *Grand Opéra* of Paris. Madame Borghini-Mamo is, we perceive, about to be replaced there by Madame Vestrali, a *contralto*, or rather *mezzo soprano*, who passed through London some years ago, and who has since been popular in Mexico. When she was in England she was neither a good voice nor a tolerable singer. She is to appear, it is said, in a French version of Bellini's 'I Capuletti,' as *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of Madame Lauters. Has such a measure been decided on in rivalry of a plan, of infinitely greater promise, on the *tapis* in Paris?—this being nothing less than a new 'Romeo and Juliet,' to be composed for Mesdames Viardot and Miolan-Carvalho, by M. Gounod.—While we are talking of singers, let a slight mistake, made last week, be corrected.—Mdlle. La Grue, of whom mention was then made, is not French, but Sicilian by birth.

A sort of Festival has been held at Lisieux, in France,—another at Bordeaux, where M. Berlioz has been summoned to conduct his 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Flight into Egypt.'

MISCELLANEA

Sale of Mr. Dawson Turner's Manuscripts.—The British Museum, we are glad to hear, secured the chief lots in the very important sale of manuscripts last week, the property of the late Mr. Dawson Turner. The lots generally brought good prices. We append a list of those having the chief interest:—Seventy-two original letters of Ambassadors to the Hague, 10*l.* 5*s.*—The Earl of Argyll's Letters and Printed Documents relating to the Charge of High Treason brought against him, 10*l.* 5*s.*—Henry Baker's Literary and Scientific

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London Library.—The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of the Members of this Society was held on Saturday, the 28th ult., at their rooms in St. James's Square. The President, the Earl of Clarendon, was in the chair, and in addressing the meeting reviewed the past history of the Library, congratulating the members on the steady increase in the number of books, and on the testimony to the usefulness of the institution afforded by the fact, that nearly all the eminent writers of the day belonged to the Society. The Report, which was read by the Secretary (Mr. Harrison), showed that 53 members had been added to the Society, and 44 removed by death, withdrawal or otherwise, leaving a clear gain of 9 members, while the financial gain of the year was 211l. 10s. Regret was expressed for the death of the Earl of Devon and Mr. Hallam, two of the earliest members. The admission of nominated members continued to increase. The thanks of the Society were offered to various donors of books. It appeared that 31,093 volumes had been issued from the Library in the course of the year, of which 1,381 volumes were new books. The balance-sheet showed that the receipts for the year had been 1,870l. 15s. 5d., and the balance at the banker's on the 30th of April was 150l. 4s. 3d. The Report was adopted after a brief discussion. Lord Lyttelton was elected Trustee in place of the Earl of Devon, deceased.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. H.—C. F. S. B.—H. M. C.—J. P.—received.

C. H. (Cannanore).—This Correspondent is informed that Mrs. Somerville's 'Physical Geography,' fourth edition, and 'Physical Sciences,' ninth edition, were published by Mr. Murray last year.

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